

...MENT: The Road Bill C-58 • IRELAND: A Rousing Yes

Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY

NEWSMAGAZINE

JUNE 1, 1998



Speaking Out

awa's
Brasseur,
ner CF-18
ot

A pioneering fighter pilot adds
her story to the growing disclosures
of rape in the military

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Yes for peace
Irish voters at the North and South voted overwhelmingly in favor of a political deal that could bring peace to Northern Ireland.

The Forces have a problem



At the end of last week, Gen. Michael Baril, chief of the defense staff, allowed that he wanted to create a climate where victims of sexual assault would be as comfortable telling their stories to the military brass as they were to Maslow's. That candid admission was part of Baril's open response to allegations first raised in these pages about an apparent pattern of sexual harassment and sexual violence in the Forces. "We certainly do have a problem," he told a news conference last week as he urged women to come forward "so we can take appropriate action."

Defence Minister Art Eggleton was not as sympathetic. While deploring the specific incidents, he said he had "no evidence that it's any greater than what happens in Canadian society." Surely, the defence minister had not thought through his observation. Perhaps the new revelations in this week's issue will convince him that he needs to take decisive action.

The problem sexual harassment in the military is in no way compatible with the rest of society. Last week, another 11 women came forward—many of them frightened and seeking anonymity—to tell their haunting stories of sexual assault and harassment while serving in the Canadian Forces. That is a total of 24 interviewees in only two weeks—and the phone calls and e-mails are continuing. Last week, Maclean's also spoke with several women who spent 21 years in the military and became one of the first female CF-18 fighter pilots. In a concurrent interview, she revealed that she had been subjected to harassment, assault and rape during her distinguished career. Maclean's also learned of a brutal rape case of a mentally handicapped woman.



Keywords: *workplace spirituality, organizational commitment, organizational citizenship behavior, turnover intention, organizational trust, organizational identification*

capped women at CFB Gagetown in New Brunswick, a series of 27 sexual assault investigations in the summer of 1994 at CFB Borden in Ontario and the sexual assault of two males by a fellow service victim—out of the men was sodomized—at CFB Petawawa in 1986. And there is more (page 14).



Surely it is time for people inside and out to realize that the Canadian Forces have a real problem. While it is true that the vast majority of Canadian servicemen and women are honorable and decent, it is unfortunate that their workplace is one where women too often have to be on guard against sexual advances. It is difficult to imagine any civilian affairs where a woman would be carried off over a man's shoulder and raped in a room during an office party while two other men stood guard outside—an incident reported in last week's *Macdonald*.

Barfi's only misstep last week was his declaration that "we can take care of this among ourselves." Clearly, that is not the case. There has been a systematic pattern of ignoring or covering up complaints of sexual harassment. Legions of women have declined to come forward, fearing reprisals or further harassment. What is needed is a small blue-ribbon panel of three independent-minded people, with a man and a woman on the list, to investigate and make recommendations. Only then can Epstein and Barfi be sure that they have the whole story. Only then can the women be assured of getting justice.

Robert Lewis

stories, while Ottawa Correspondent John Geddes explored the reaction by the brass and the politicians. The cover package, overseen by Senior Editor Peeter Kuusik, begins on page 16.

At last week's National Magazine Awards, writer Paul Kihle won a gold medal for an investigative report in *Alexander's* on international

cocaine trafficking through Vancouver that took him to six cities in three countries ("Murder syndrome"). Peter C. Newman won silver for his Nation's Business column and Sharon Doyle Deidinger also took silver for her introductory article in a special report on food ("Eating right"). Editor Robert Marshall Maclean's editors and writers received eight other honorable mentions.

A large, bright yellow circular smiley face is centered on the page. It has two large, solid black oval eyes. A white rectangular bandage with a pattern of small red and yellow circles is placed diagonally over the left eye. The smiley face is set against a plain white background.

'The Floodgates'

The first e-mail from a female veteran arrived hours after the publication of last week's *Maclean's* cover story, "Rape in the military." It began: "Thank you for opening the floodgates! I now have the courage to speak out!"

TD is happy to be a sponsor of the Children's Miracle Network, a special organization that raises funds for local children's hospitals and foundations.

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[illegible]

Rape in the military

How dare you present such a one-sided history ("Rape in the military," Cover, May 25) to a readership who for the most part have not had the privilege of knowing and working with one of the most professional and disciplined segments of Canadian society—the Canadian Forces. I have served with the Forces for 15 years—I began as a private and am now a major. I've been one of only a handful of women serving with thousands of men on one of the largest army bases in the country, CFB Gagetown, N.B. I served alongside thousands of men in the former Yugoslavia for more than a year. And never in 15 years have I or most of my female colleagues been subject to the treatment your article suggests is routine for women serving in the Forces. The overwhelming majority of our male colleagues are honorable, respectful and professional. The stories on that rape are heart wrenching, no question. But they are not the story. You do women and men in uniform a huge injustice.

May 26th Letter,
Communications division,
Land Force Command, Toronto



only wonder what made us go through with that humiliating and degrading charade. My heart goes out to the women of our Canadian armed forces who had to suffer the humiliation of being raped and the consequent lack of support or faith in the system that justice could be served against the perpetrators. I have served in the military for 15 years now and this is just one of the many incidents that I have encountered. To think that the minister of national defence would believe that sexual harassment is not life in our Canadian Forces is ludicrous.

Master Cpl. Thomas Goshen,
Crest Lake, Alta.

Under international law, rape committed by the forces of one combatant against the population of another is considered a war crime. Responsibility is extended through the forces to the highest echelons, whether it is for constraints of the act or for allowing such crimes under their command without punishing the perpetrators where they knew, or had reason to know, that these crimes were being committed. Yet these very same crimes seem to be committed on a regular basis in our own armed forces against our own troops. I can't believe I'm reading this.

Johanne Myers,
Ottawa

I have been a proud military member for nine years. I have seen my share of cutbacks, changes and problems. I am deeply saddened by any type of assault, be it sexual or physical, but to generalize that the Canadian armed forces are so rife in journalistically unprofessionalism. I have sworn to defend the Canadian way of life, whatever it may be. Please don't take that back away.

Master Cpl. Thomas Goshen,
Airfield engineer,
RCAF Trenton, Ont.

Revising history

On May 7, 1998, Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard shamelessly rewrote history by picking over the unweaving of a monument to the two Second World War Quebec City Conference of 1945 and 1946 ("Playing

Music and liberty

So, Canadian music content on private radio station playlists is to rise to 35 per cent from 30 per cent ("More Canadian content," *Canada Now*, May 11). The last thing a free and democratic country should have is a government body dictating what citizens should listen to. I want to be able to listen to the best musicians and vocalists in the world. I want to be able to use the best artists, the best artists, etc. If Big Brother is determined to try to socially engineer Canadians and deprive us of our liberties, then—before it is booted out of office—it should mandate state radio (like CBC) to play nothing but records made by Canadians. That should satisfy the ultra-nationalists and let the rest of us seek our listening pleasure from private radio stations unlettered by government interference.

George Gahwan,
Ottawa

petty politics." From The Editor, May 18). The manuscript features the signatures of U.S. president Franklin Roosevelt and British prime minister Winston Churchill. But Canadian prime minister Mackenzie King, the host, was not honored. Bouchard's excuse was that King was not invited to private meetings with Roosevelt and Churchill where they discussed military strategy and plans for a postwar Europe. However, it is well known that Canada played a vital role during the fighting, especially on D-Day and throughout the final year of the war. Bouchard's attempt to airbrush Quebec's history for its Canada was a rude slap in the face to every Second World War veteran in our country.

Ian Dean,
Burlington, Ont.

Lowering taxes

Despite Francis's halfhearted call on the head, simply outlining the major problems in Canada ("A centrist road report that Ottawa ignored," *Column*, May 18). Terribly high taxes, along with government inefficiency, are killing our economy. There are also great social costs with too many people being either underemployed or overworked. I hope the government will realize that as long as money circulates, they eventually end up with all of it anyway. We urgently need to have lower income taxes to stimulate more spending and create more jobs.

Victor Ripstein,
Aurora, Ont.

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Maclean's

WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS



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THE MAIL

Longing for home

As a Canadian who spent some 30 years as a writer, director and producer with the CBC, the National Film Board and the private sector before relocating to the United States a decade ago, I feel compelled to respond to the superb editorial on expatriates ("Feelings for home, abroad," From The Editor, April 29). I face daily the "you can take the boy out of the Prairie" syndrome. There is, so far, no Indian chapter of *Canadians Abroad*. For Canadians a foreigner, no matter how widely we depend on one Canadian "he" from Montreal's Working now as a broadcast and newspaper journalist, and radio talk-show host, I am daily bombarded with questions and comments concerning Canada. And I'm yet to hear a derogatory remark—although the false impressions and comprehension of the world's second-largest nation continue to abound.

Don Eschfeld,
LaPorte, Ind.

I just finished reading "Feelings for home, abroad." It may be a few miles behind, but Canadian news and opinions, no matter how colorful, are always welcome. My wife and I are two of the growing breed of Canadians living in the United States. We made a conscious decision to live in Utah for a while, because it was a challenge to try something different. Since moving to the States, I have met many wonderful people and my general impression of Americans has improved. But at the same time, my dislike of the "culture" of the United States has increased, and my appreciation for what we had in Canada has increased as well. It is frustrating for those abroad that Canadians at home are unaware of our collective likeness, and that is why the editor must take an more urgency for us than it seems to for those living at home. It is not the possibility of Canada breaking up that is so worrisome, it is that the leaders on both sides of the ocean do not seem to be aware that, given a breakup, there will be two countries closer to becoming what the United States is and less of what makes Canada the country of envy around the world.

John Memon,
Leyton, Utah

Righting history

Michael P. Chai states that "the cultural mosaic of Canada has grown from two main stripes—English and French—into a blend of many hues and colors," and thereby perpetuates the myth that Canada's first European settlers were mainly English and French ("The grain of cultural diversity," The World Ahead, April 27). After the

French, many came at the behest of the British government—but they were mostly not English. The first "English settlers" included as many Germans and Gaelic-speaking Scots as English. Multi-ethnic immigration, accompanied by assimilation into language, if not culture, has continued to the present, leading some of us to forget our past. If we do not remember our past, how can we guide our future?

Gordon D. Fitch,
Malibu

Spoiling a story line

How dare Peter C. Newman be so pre-emptive and have such a lack of consideration for the viewing public. He spoiled my weekly TV time-out by revealing, before Jon Public had a chance to see it, a *Producers* episode story line and its dramatic ending in such detail that it rendered that week's show without impact ("Producers: A TV drama too close for comfort," The Nation's Business, April 27). Over the years, I have enjoyed Newman's columns, not always agreeing with them, but this time, he disappointed me. The creative talent and effort of people who make a living producing such works were pre-empted by a thoughtless usurping of their story line, just to make a point which could have easily been accomplished by relating to other past episodes or delaying it by one issue.

Lynn Silverman,
Toronto

Name brands

There was a time when some people got used to a walk around carrying a bag of up an boards front and back. Now we are expected to pay big money to do essentially the same thing for big outfits such as Nike, Reebok, etc. ("Fame, friends, fortune," Business, April 10). Oh, well, as they say, there is one born every minute.

Al Stevenson,
St. Catharines, Ont.

'Before divorce'

We are such a selfish people. Wouldn't it be novel to try to think of the children before the divorce ("Before divorce," Cover, April 20)? It is harder for us to grow up and become like adults instead of immature ladies only thinking of what we want. We are destroying our children in order to satisfy our own whims. This is the harvest that we are reaping from the one first governments that we have sown.

John Memon,
Calgary

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THE MAIL— Words and actions

The dispute over hepatitis C (Canada Notes, May 25) includes a Premier Mike Harris paraphrase of former Health Minister Allan Rock's recent posturing regarding compensation for hepatitis C victims. However, you failed to place quotation marks around the minister's comments. As a result, those remarks appear to be a direct quote from the premier. In fact, Harris was paraphrasing Rock in making statements to the effect of "I [Rock] had to bring the protesters, locking and screaming [to the table], because they didn't want to do anything. [I've [Rock] been a good guy." While Harris has shown great leadership in the hepatitis C compensation issue, he was not taking credit for bringing the provincial health ministers together as was suggested by your story.

Rob Reid,
Press secretary, Office of the premier
Toronto

Ontario Premier Mike Harris's slogan "none of us knows" is entirely consistent with every other action his government has taken, including an long-term planning, education and information out of selflessness ("The gentler touch," Canada, May 28). The "none of us knows" slogan is a lie, not a compromise.

Zina Szeana,
Calgary, Ont.

Casino pros and cons

While I agree that casinos bring about a host of social and financial problems, one mention in your articles struck a sour note ("The case for casinos," Cover, May 11). The Addiction Foundation of Montreal's marketing program co-ordinator Gerry Kolesar is quoted as saying, "We have calls from adults who are afraid their parents are spending their inheritance, but the parents don't want to come for treatment." What a shame that these frightened callers were more concerned about their own material gain (or loss of it) than their parents' gambling addiction. The parents are not spending their children's inheritance, but rather their own money. I certainly do not wish any kind of addiction on anyone, but if my parents want to spend any "inheritance" on things they enjoy, be it renovating their house, buying a new car or a trip to a Caribbean or Las Vegas casino, that's fine.

Debbie Demaree,
Toronto

Your analysis of gambling activities in Canada is accurate and insightful. As a worker in the field of gambling addiction, I find it amusing that while our government encourages, hardens, peddles against tobacco, drugs and drunk driving, they are, at the

Healthy Bites

The unlisted cost of convenience



Remember that many nutritious foods come without labels!

Convenience foods sure can make life easier but they can carry a high price, and not just monetarily!

Salt alert!

Many prepared foods contain an overabundance of salt, which can rob the body of calcium. That makes consuming the daily two to four servings of milk products even more important.

Transformation!

Also, most vegetable oils used in convenience foods are partially hydrogenated, a process that converts oils from liquids to solids and also creates trans fatty acids. These resulting trans fats are the worst type of fat for the heart, according to experts like Dr. Bruce Holub, former chairman of the Nutrition Task Force of the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario. Most of the time, even dedicated label readers won't find trans listed. So look for the words "hydrogenated" (or more precisely "partially hydrogenated") and "shortening" on the ingredients list. "Vegetable fats" and "vegetable margarine" are also other terms that usually indicate the presence of trans fats. Also note that claims like "cholesterol free," "low in saturated," "all vegetable fat" and "made from 100% vegetable oil" often disguise the presence of heart-unhealthy trans fats.

Let the buyer be aware that...

- Even when convenience foods are individually packaged, nutrition information often applies to a given portion that is less than the entire contents.
- Ingredients on prepackaged foods are listed in descending order of proportion by weight.
- Since nutrition information isn't mandatory, everything may not be listed. For example, your Cheddar cheese wrapper may indicate a 30-gram (about 2 tbsp.) serving contains 20% of the Recommended Daily Intake for calcium, but not that you're getting lots of other essential nutrients too!



Looking good vs feeling good

If teenage girls seem more focused on their looks than their health, that's probably because they are! Informing them that liver is loaded with iron or that avoiding milk products can lead to osteoporosis is not nearly as effective as saying that the former can improve their energy level and their skin tone and the latter may even help them grow taller. It's true. New research suggests that calcium-rich milk products may help teenagers reach their genetic growth potential and allow them to reach their calcium needs without gaining weight.

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Steve Delisle,
Montreal

The grapevine

Of course I blame Don Cherry for the sad state of our beloved game of hockey in Canada ("Is Don Cherry what's wrong with Canadian hockey?" *Cont.*, May 18). But I also blame the CBC, who, for purely pecuniary reasons, allowed him to continue to publicly expose his toxic nihilism long after it became evident that he was in over his head. I also blame our major junior hockey programs that insist on recruiting and developing, at most exclusively, big, tough, slow and dumb players for the NHL. I also blame minor league managers and coaches for screwing up the heads of eight, 10- and 12-year-olds with their North American version of sexist philosophy. I also blame the media for continuously describing and showing too few positive highlights, preferring instead to show close-ups of big brutes injuring smaller players. But most of all I blame a country that has changed so low as to have created a need for its citizens to make heroes of such wretched personalities. To those wonderful European athletes now leading almost all NHL categories, my apologies for the abuse they have taken from players guided by Cherry and company. And my sincere thanks for providing us with glimpses of what a great game hockey can be.

Jean Payette,
Pitt, Gre.

Despite his poor taste in clothing and unedible salesmen banter, Don Cherry is a Canadian folk hero who, unlike many Canadians, has the courage to say what he thinks, regardless of how unpopular that opinion may be. Cherry is not what is wrong with hockey in Canada, but rather it is Canadian society's sensitive reaction that is what is wrong with Canada.

David Shidell,
Kyau, Japan

The suggestion that Don Cherry is what is wrong with Canadian hockey is ridiculous. This view is not even remotely close to the real problem. Most hockey is the real problem, and if we don't hurry up and fix it, we are going to continue to cry about our lost Canadian game. When we people going to realize that we cannot continue to take children and brutal them good or bad at the tender ages of 7 and 8. More and more kids are sick of the sport when they reach age 14 or



Cherry: a human being just like the rest of us

15, and quit playing when they are starting to realize their potential. Children's hockey should be structured for fun, with skill development the top priority, followed by a gradual move to competitiveness.

Steve Krass,
Saint John, N.B.

One of my earliest memories as a kid is seeing Don Cherry driving to his job back in Elmira, Rochester, N.Y., home. We knew he was the America coach and we followed him up the driveway to my house. He'd say "El" back, self, reaching into his trunk, would hand us a hockey stick. I wish I still had one of them. Canada is far better off for letting one-express is opinions rather than to squelch them. What's best for hockey? Well, as a hockey dad and coach, I have to say that it's a caring, nurturing, patient teacher of fundamentals. I tell my boys, have fun, develop a work ethic, be honest, and practice excellence; a champion is not who works for something larger than himself. I like Don Cherry and enjoy listening to him. I don't agree with all his ideas, but so what? I can still remember him looking down on me and smiling. He's a human being just like the rest of us.

Just Michener,
Burlington, N.Y.

As the mother of an aspiring hockey player, I wish to add my words to your recent article about Don Cherry. The kids in hockey hang on his every word. Hockey could teach our kids many valuable lessons for life. However, when one of the heroes of hockey is someone who advocates such things as

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Backstage



Anthony
Wilson-Smith

A 'happy warrior' wins—his way

Lieut. Barney Danson's combat experience in the Second World War was brief, painful and unforgettable. Commissioned as acting captain, Danson was training troops stationed in British Columbia in early 1944 when he decided that an Allied attack on German-held Europe must be imminent. Danson told his superiors to release him—at the cost of his captain's rank—in order to go to war. He rejoined his original regiment, the Queen's Own Rifles, in France a month after the June 6 D-Day invasion. Ten days later, the regiment was pushing inland from the beaches of Normandy when they were hit by a mortar attack. Seconds later, the 25-year-old Danson felt, he said, "as though someone took a sledgehammer to my head around my eyes." A piece of shrapnel had hit his helmet, smashed into his temple, severed the optic nerve, and lodged in the roof of his mouth.

The wound cost Danson the vision in his left eye. But the man friends inevitably describe as "the original lippy warrior" does not complain. Instead, "How could I let it win?" And while war was brutal to Danson, postwar life has been much better. Since returning to Toronto in 1945, the now-77-year-old Danson has been a businessman, director on several company boards, a Liberal cabinet minister under Pierre Trudeau, consul general in Boston, and now chairs the Canadian War Museum's board of directors.

Like most of his generation, Danson has never been able—or wanted—to forget the war. The result, in Danson's case, is one of the state's most important acknowledgments of a busy life: his role in the production of the six-part television series *No Price Too High*, which is arguably among the best documentaries ever produced about the war.

The series is now passing through a five-week run on the CBC. The fact it is there is a reminder that behind Danson's ready smile is a well of steel. He raised the bulk of the \$2.1 million budget for the series, produced by Richard Nichols of Norcliffe Productions Ltd., through grants and private donations. Danson also headed CBC chairman Perrin Beatty and other officials out and finally, despite such questioning in the media, they agreed to put it on the air.

No Price Too High was, Danson allows, partly a response to the controversial 1989 CBC series *The Holocaust and the Holocaust*, produced by brothers Brian and Terrace McKenna. That production infuriated veterans and others through its portrayal of many of Canada's military leaders as inept and frightened, and by its attack on the strategy of concentrated bombing of German cities—including civilian areas. "There was," says Danson, "no contest. It seemed to suggest that in the end, our side and the Nazis were no different."

But that larger point of contention aside, the two series have strikingly similar touches. Both focus on low-ranking Canadian soldiers engaged in front-line combat, and feature heart-breaking correspondence between them and their families. Both make good use of archival footage of combat and civilian life. For younger viewers, it is startling to realize that less than 60 years ago, many Canadians considered their own battle by with the motherland of England.

To its greatest credit, *No Price Too High* never smooths over or ignores less savory parts of history. Prime minister Mackenzie King's grudging praise of Adolf Hitler is recounted at length. So are graphic descriptions of injuries that reduced men to armless, legless, suicidal shells. Uncovering are accounts of the bitter debate between French-speaking Quebecers and other Canadians over conscription, the instructions of a Roman Catholic bishop to his military flock to "sleep with a Protestant if necessary, but by all means do not marry one," and numerous other unpleasantities.

On a far lessler scale, Danson and Nichols learned about industries in trying to get the series to air. They were first rebuffed outright by CBC and CTV, while Global, after some consideration, also took a pass. Then, Moses Zaitsev agreed to air the series on his Bravo channel in 1996. The series aired, to small ratings but rave reviews, and Danson convinced most of PBS's border stations to air it. Then, Danson and Nichols again approached the CBC, and were again rebuffed. Last year, Danson met with Beatty, who at first said he was sympathetic, but felt it was not a chairman's role to give specific orders to those beneath him. Danson recalls that when he mentioned Beatty's concerns to Conrad Black, whose Hollinger Inc. newspaper group was a major contributor to the series, Black said not to respond to it. "Oh sure, just the way I feel about it," he said.

At the same time, other CBC officials posed other objections—ranging, sources say, from criticisms of the series' quality to defence of *The Holocaust and the Holocaust*. In the end, Beatty fired up his support, and, with the active backing of CBC executive director of programming Slavko Rymkovic, the series was ordered to air. As for the process, says the associate will satisfy many people—beginning with viewers and his father, in fact, Brian McKenna. He says, "The more news we get about the war, the greater the service to the country." Meanwhile, McKenna says pointedly, he waits for the CBC to meet its promise to air a repeat of *The Holocaust and the Holocaust*, adding, "I don't hold my breath." Similarly, Danson says that the frustrating process of getting *No Price Too High* to air "has not caused me to renege my past support for the CBC—but has not enhanced it." With that shared frustration—and the empathy for the common soldier that both series reflect—the struggle that Danson and McKenna have much more in common than either man might acknowledge.

Opening Notes

Edited by TANYA DAVIES



Annan (left) and Clinton Anderson (right) meet in party

Lending Annan a helping hand

The media in Washington tried to focus on the gross contributions of the economic Section of the United Nations, the most important of which is a nuclear bomb. The next, beside such high-profile diplomatic crises, the United Nations and its world financial state has made getting much of a hearing in the World's Most Important Capital. Canada's ambassador to Ottawa, Raymond Charbon, tried to remedy that on May 18, by hosting a dinner party for many of the capital's top journalists, with UN Secretary

General Kofi Annan as the guest of honor. Annan spoke for 45 minutes in a gathering that included Africa's deep-furred Sam Donaldson and diving into the New York Times reporter R. W. Apple, telling them that the United Nations is desperate for the United States to pay the \$1.9 billion it owes in back dues. Of course, the journalists mainly wanted to hear Annan's take on India, Africa and in Canada. "This is Washington and they are more interested in confrontation spots than UN reform," says Charbon.

But by breaking out the embassy's good china at Annan's behest, Charbon may have broken a barrier on a number of great impressions to Ottawa, winning a seat on the United Nations' Security Council. The Liberal government has been lobbying fiercely for one of two rotating spots opening up on the 15-member council next January and Charbon used the occasion to make a pitch. "It's time for us to get back on the council," he said, alluding to the nine years since Canada held a spot. "The United Nations has always been a pillar of Canada's foreign policy. It's part of our DNA as a country."

DOUBLE TAKE

Simon Reisman

He was loved by few and despised by many during the passionate and divisive debate over free trade in the late 1980s. Simon Reisman, Canada's first chief negotiator in the talks, never married and still doesn't know how to transport his own car. He is a man who "deserves" the 1988 Free Trade Agreement, he contends the massive expression of love with the United States has been his only good thing. "Anyone who says otherwise is ignorant," he snarls, pointing to Canada's billion-dollar per-day trade with the United States and the flow of Latin American countries that are anxious to join up as proof that the deal was good.

During the trade talks, Reisman often clashed with negotiators with regularity and always provided them with good questions. A decade later, his 75-year-old wife has now followed a lot and has no interest in again leading the news he ended four decades as a trade negotiator, which also included working on the 1985 Auto Pact with the United States, 10 years ago, and now describes himself as a writer. Based in Ottawa, he doesn't work on a business consultant and serves on the boards of directors of several companies—most prominently as chairman of Rogers Oils Ltd., a Calgary-based firm. He says he has never been closer to Canada, his wife of 25 years. They have three grown children, adding that he persists fishing, golfing and sailing to dealing with the world. And despite being fitted with an artificial knee five years ago, Reisman says he will never slow down—"I'm still in good shape for an old crotch."

Reisman: 'Shut-out' the FTN

Reisman: 'Shut-out' the FTN

Capital Confidential

During her 21 years in politics, Sheila Copps has had many partners: from a husband, Graham, "hot poker" in Opposition, to a combative deputy prime minister in the first term of the Chrétien government, to a supposedly low-profile heritage minister in the current cabinet. But Copps appears to be taking centre stage again by hosting a major event celebrating culture, which she says is to bring ministers from 20 countries to Ottawa on June 29 to 30 to discuss how to foster their own cultural industries in the face of the U.S. juggernaut. The timing is awkward for Ottawa. Copps' department is working on a potentially controversial overhaul of Canadian film and magazine policy, while federal rules for Canadian con-

sumers on television are up for review this fall. A federal official told Maclean's that 13 countries—from Brazil to Sweden—have accepted Copps' invitation to the summit, and more were expected to RSVP. It is a high-profile event in the secretary of state for national heritage, Chris Smith. British success stories—led by such firms as the Film Agency and the National Endowment for the Arts—will be the focus of the summit. What brings up the most notable gap on the invite list: the United States. Is it a snub? The official explanation is that Washington has no national-level culture act to send. But the real reason might have more to do with keeping the cat away from the mouse play.



Copps: dating all culture cats

Redcoat rockin'

When the isolated Arctic community of Repulse, N.W.T., hears George Thorogood's Red to the Bone fill the airwaves of the local radio station, they know that another edition of The Member From Repulse, a heavy metal album for the past year, RCMP Const. Jeff Hildebrandt, 32, Stephen Wright, 30, and Brian Noon, 30, have taken turns rocking the small town settlement—population 1,200—in the name of community policing. "This is proactive community relations," says Hildebrandt, while maintaining the deputy's claim in Ottawa that he acted in the fire hall. "This allows residents to see their police in a different light."

Besides regular local announcements and broadcasting Crime Stoppers information, the officers also try to instill their musical tastes and passions. "I refuse to play country and western," says Noon, native Hildebrandt with a laugh. Instead, it's Wright, based in Barabur, B.C., before he is there, joking, who brings that Nashville twang to the Northwest Territories. In addition to its public relations value, the show is a welcome break for the officers, who are usually assigned to heavy or violent work in the north. "The guys have a tremendous amount of fun during the show," says Cpl. Don Moffitt, senior officer at the four-person detachment. "And the community enjoys listening to it." Moffitt adds that the program is such a success, he expects it to continue even after the current officer change moves on Good morning, Repulse!

BEST-SELLERS

1. *A Million for the One* by John Grisham
2. *Difficult in a Class*, Douglas Coupland
3. *The Best American Novel*, John Grisham
4. *Big Red Book*, John Grisham
5. *Barney's Version*, Michael Ondaatje
6. *Black and Blue*, John Grisham
7. *Long Way Out*, John Grisham
8. *Barney's Version*, Michael Ondaatje
9. *Barney's Version*, Michael Ondaatje
10. *Barney's Version*, Michael Ondaatje

NON-FICTION

1. *The Life of John, Thomas*, David G. Scott
2. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*
3. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*
4. *The Life of John, Thomas*, David G. Scott
5. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*
6. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*
7. *The Life of John, Thomas*, David G. Scott
8. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*
9. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*
10. *Apprentice, David G. Scott*

() Fiction (F) Non-fiction (N) (C) Children's (A) Adult

An orphan in wartime

A is the only family member who survived the Holocaust. Arthur Scher is now 90 years old and is in the process of writing his memoirs. "I was a Jewish boy in a Jewish family," says Scher. "I was a Jewish boy in a Jewish family." Scher's memoirs are in the Toronto edition of the book. Scher's memoirs are in the Toronto edition of the book. Scher's memoirs are in the Toronto edition of the book.

Passages

AWARDED: The 1988 Orange Prize for Literature is awarded to the best English-language novel written by a woman and published in Britain. Another Canadian, Anne Michaels, won last year's prize for her first novel, *Fugitive Pieces*.

WON: By St. John's, Nfld.-based author May Pratt, 63, the \$50,000 Holman Prize for fiction, awarded by the Glenside Arts Council, in Ottawa. The annual event recognizes lifetime achievement.

DIED: Actor-director John Derek, 71, after an apparent heart attack at his Santa Barbara, Calif., home. Derek died in the center of his fourth wife, 49-year-old, who became a star in the 1970s film *10*.

CRISIS: Award-winning Maritime journalist Ian MacNeil, 62, of a heart attack, in Halifax. MacNeil was the founder, owner and publisher of the Eastern Graphic weekly newspaper in Charlottetown.

CRISIS: British tabloid pioneer Lord Hugh Cudlipp, 84, of a lung and prostate cancer, in Chichester, England. Cudlipp, chairman and editorial director of the Mirror newspapers during the 1950s and 1960s, is credited with bringing a popular view to tabloids.

DIED: Colorful jazz pianist Dorothy Dandridge, 76, of colon cancer, in Los Angeles.

AWARDED: The International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award to Romanian debut novelist for The Land of Green Pines in Dublin. The \$200,000 award is the world's richest book prize.

FINDS: The world's fastest man, Donovan Bailey, 29, 100m for 10.1 seconds in the 100m. Bailey, who won the 100m, 200m and 400m, was in a late-night crash into a pole.

SENTENCED: Drummer Tommy Lee, 35, to six months in jail for kicking his wife, actress Pamela Anderson Lee, 30, in Malibu, Calif. Lee was arrested in February and Anderson, a native of Cork, B.C., has since filed for divorce.

Emporium

The ranking—and other—of Canadians in a *BusinessWeek* magazine survey of the world's wealthiest supermodels: 4, Linda Evangelista, \$41.7 million; 14, Shanon Marlowe, \$14.7 million.

Percentage of personal expenditure on alcohol and tobacco by Canadian, according to Statistics Canada: 3.6% on smoking material; 1.4% on child care, 1.1%

GOLDFARB POLL

Rock musicians came off slightly better than bankers, while federal politicians were the lowest of the low. Those were among the findings when Canadians were asked to indicate their level of respect for various professions on a scale of 0 to 100.

	1997
Doctors	72
Teachers	69
Journalists	68
Rock musicians	45
Bankers	44
Car salesmen	31
Federal politicians	30

(L) Liberal (C) Conservative (N) New Democrat (O) Other

LIFE: FRANKLIN D. OLSZEWSKI

RAPE IN THE MILITARY

COVER

SPEAKING OUT

BY JANE O'HARA

They ranged in rank from an ordinary seaman to a naval lieutenant, and had spent anywhere from 25 months to 26 years in the Canadian Forces. But the 11 women who sat in a boardroom overlooking Halifax's naval dockyards last Friday morning had one thing in common: they were dismissed and disavowed by the cover story that appeared in the May 25, 1999 issue of *Maclean's*, entitled "Rape in the military." Earlier in the week, six of the women had come forward to make their views known to several *Maclean's*-based reporters, after securing permission from their commanding officers to speak out. And when they and five other colleagues met with *Maclean's*, their message was unequivocal. While the women had no doubt that the accounts of sexual assault described in the magazine are true, they said that, in all their years of service, they had never seen any direct evidence of such crimes. They also deeply resented the suggestion that sexual assault and harassment was rampant in the Forces at a time when, they say, the situation for women is dramatically improving. "It's as unfair as the men to be thought of as predators and us to be thought of as playthings," says Cpl. Karen Westcott, a 15-year veteran who has served on both army bases and aboard naval ships. "We don't deserve this. As far as the morale of the military, I think that *Maclean's* has really set us back."

But others also spoke out last week—breeding the military's code of silence with further tales of abuse and assaults. Among them was Maj. Dee Branson, who spent 23 years in the air force and in 1988 became one of the first women in Canada to pilot a CF-18 fighter. In an interview with *Maclean's*, Branson, who left the military in 1994, revealed that



she had been subjected to rape, assault and harassment during her distinguished 23-year military career (page 23). And even Canada's top soldier, Chief of Defence Staff Gen. Maurice Baril, admitted at a news conference in Ottawa that a problem existed—and had to be addressed.

Baril, who declined to be interviewed by *Maclean's*, stopped well short of conceding the trouble is so

Branson, Gunstette
right: breaking
the military's
code of silence



widespread that some sort of special inquiry is needed. "I dare to believe that the majority of people in the Canadian Forces are good people, good leaders and solid leaders," he said. "I've said it before that we have a problem in the academy, but not all of it is—since that we're trying to correct." But, he acknowledged, "we do have a problem of attitude in integrating women in the Canadian Forces. I'm beyond being patient—those who cannot quickly change their attitude are in the wrong uniform, and the wrong profession."

The wrong profession. Many military women, faced with an often hostile reception, have certainly wondered about their career choice. Last week, a total of 11 women—many of them still frightened and insisting on anonymity—contacted *Maclean's* with their stories of sexual assault in the Forces, while former male servicemen also called with stories of abuse. Among the new allegations:

• Two separate military sources say that Canadian Forces brass hushed up the brutal gang rape of a mentally handicapped woman by a group of men in the Enhanced Security Quarters at CFB Gagetown, near Fredericton, in 1988.

• In the summer of 1994, military police had to conduct 27 sexual assault investigations at Blackdown Army Cadet Summer Training Camp at CFB Borden near Barrie, Ont., 90 km north of Toronto. "Investigators got burned out with all the work they had to do at that camp," says one source. One

mother is now in the process of suing the department of national defence in connection with the sexual assault of her 13-year-old daughter at Blackdown last summer.

• In 1986, at the Wainwright bible school in Alberta, the base was considered so unsafe that women recruits were given a curfew—then locked inside the all-female barracks. Sentries patrolled inside and soldiers with pickaxe handles stood guard outside doors, some of which were stockpiled shut.

• In the mid-1980s, a military doctor at Borden was suspected of sexually assaulting at least 12 women patients. After military police began to investigate, wa-

Even Canada's top soldier admits that a problem exists

COVER

persons interviewed and the investigation was halted. No charges were laid instead, the doctor was quietly released from service. He went on to set up private practice in Edmonton, where in 1993 he was investigated by the College of Physicians of Alberta after complaints were lodged against him. His licence was suspended for six months after he was found guilty of three counts of "lack of skill or judgment."

A former active member of the military police at regular Forces bases in Danden, Sask., and Vernon, B.C., told Maclean's he was aware of more than two dozen cases of sexual assault, rape and sexual indecency from 1951 to 1984. All too often, he was told by superior officers to look the other way. "We stood around like idiots watching terrible things happen," says George Lantieri, who in 1984 quit the military in disgust. "We were told to shut our mouths, that those things would be handled by the chain of command."

In the end, says Art Hogue, the Reform party's defence critic, the incidents of abuse are probably the result of a small, undesirable element within the Forces. "I'm not prepared to tie everybody in the military with the same brush," he says. "There may be some bad apples in there and you deal with the bad apples." But Ottawa lawyer Susan Lathin, who is now married to a soldier and has spent much of her working life as an activist for military women, maintains that the problem is more extensive. "In my 30 years' experience with the military, I've found a profound lack of women," she said last week. "In fact, you could go to a bar and find me to call in a form of terrorism, and power to keep women out and to say women just can't make it here."

Many women coping forward with their stories are afraid of being identified. Kim Murphy is pseudonymized in among them, withholding her real name because her husband is still in the service and they intend to combat together. She was one of the first women to join a Canadian combat unit. But two weeks of battle school at CFB Gagetown left her feeling as if she had been captured by an enemy army. "I felt like a prisoner of war," she says. She and the other women in the course, she says, were socially stunted by both fellow soldiers and superiors. And the instructors, she recalls, took sadistic pleasure in wounding them out. "They emoted in our own minds," she says, "and they made the women put them on. Another took a can of capsaicin balls, threw them on the ground and made us pick them up with our teeth."

The women, she says, feared the instructors by day—and the officers by night. "Three of us were decent-looking, so it was a constant for them to see which one they could get first," she says. "You'd get 15 feet inside the mess and you'd have 30 guys pinning you. They circled you and tried to push you up against the wall, or take a back room. We complained to a women superior once and she told us if we didn't want it to happen we shouldn't

go in the mess. She smiled in babies. We learned not to be in the mess by ourselves, not to go for a run by ourselves, and to watch what we drank."

Her 1989 posting to CFB Petawawa, 125 km northwest of Ottawa, only worsened Murphy's situation. One sergeant, she says, would come into her room and stroke her hair at night. One evening, two officers asked her to play pool in the back room of a mess hall. "I went in and they pushed me onto the table and started taking me," she says. "Then they held me down and started taking off my skirt. The only thing that saved me was the bartender walking in to tell them it was closing time. They didn't say anything else—but I think it shook them up and they let me go." Murphy quit the military in 1992.

Treacy Constantine was a 20-year-old son of a military family in Grand Falls, Nfld., when she joined the air force in 1984 as a medical assistant. That November, she began training at CFB Borden, the busiest training base in Canada—also rumored that a serial rapist was preying on women on the base. (members of the military police have confirmed that story to Maclean's; the rapist, they say, was never caught.) Constantine left under duress after she was posted to Ottawa's National Defence Medical Centre in the spring of 1987. But she says, while she was sitting at the bedside of a diabetic veteran and cleaning his lesions, a doctor came up behind her and began fondling her breasts. "That wasn't OK," she says, "but I tried to ignore it. I was a doctor—she had all this authority and who was I, a little nurse?"

On another occasion, she says, the same doctor came into the women's locker room as she was showering and watched her. "There wasn't a soul around," she recalls. "I grabbed a towel and my flip-flops and ran." About two weeks later, that doctor asked her to come see him in the mess's quarters on the seventh floor—an area off-limits to her. She went—only to be laid out on a couch and raped by him. "Come on, you're supposed to be like this," she says. "I felt so humiliated. I went home and had a long shower and a bath. I felt so dirty and ashamed." Nine years later, when she couldn't wait for his father to die, a general military man who served in the 1960s, "he cried and cried," she says.

Another woman, who requested anonymity because she has never told her husband what happened to her in the Forces, has attacked twice. In 1991, as a 17-year-old reserve, she attended a base party and ended up in a small room with a male acquaintance. He violently forced himself on her. But before he succeeded in raping her, she says, "someone heard me screaming and begged him to stop. He cried out of pity."

The second time, after participating in a drunken party on a ship two years later, she was not so lucky. She was separated from her friends, she recalls, and one soldier offered to "take care" of her. She awoke the morning, bloody and bruised, a



Nichol (left) with colleagues: 11 naval women say the situation has improved

IN DEFENCE OF THE MILITARY

In the wake of the May 25, 1998, Maclean's cover story, many members of the Canadian Forces—both male and female—responded angrily to what they saw as an unfair portrayal of the military as a breeding ground for sexual abuse against women. Perhaps none was as outspoken as a group of Halifax-based female naval personnel, who came forward to declare that the story bore little resemblance to their own experiences. Last Friday morning, 12 women sat down for a three-hour 30-minute discussion with Maclean's Atlantic Bureau Chief Brian Bergman. His report.

For their part, most also agreed that sexual assaults continue to take place on military bases and aboard naval ships, though they say such attacks are very rare. Other forms of harassment—lewd comments, unwelcome sexual advances—also persist. But they are far less prevalent than in earlier years, the women say, and commanding officers are much quicker to crack down. "What was once considered hazing was fun in the larger context," says Chief Petty Officer Maureen Duffin, a 25-year veteran.

What rankled most, say the women, was Maclean's assertion that the military culture is one of "unbridled promiscuity" in which females are "often little more than pawns for sexual predators." They say this does not square with their own experience, where the vast majority of men treat their wives with respect. "I feel very bad for the men in this situation," says Cpl. Karen Westbrook. "I mean, what's new? Now, they are all rapists. They are gang bangs and being called rapists by their neighbors."

In fact, the women say one of their greatest fears is that, on the heels of the Somalia debacle and other military-related scandals, the perception of rampant sexual abuse will convince young Canadians—both women and men—that it is easier in the Forces to get a respectable job. "The job is a life-sized crutch who is not to follow in my footsteps," says Cpl. Danielle Robitson. "Up until last week, we saw the military as a wonderful opportunity. What is the going to think now? Is the going to be awful? I don't appreciate the message that is sending out."

victim of rape—and blaming herself because she had been drinking. She told a buddy about the assault, then informed her commanding officers (both women). That, she says, was the beginning of the end of her military career. Over the next three years, she was isolated and intimidated until she quit the Forces. "There were all these whispers and little jokes," she says. "No one would talk to me, they denied my request for a transfer—and there is just so much you can take."

With the opposition poised to attack the Liberal government over the mess in Somalia, when the House of Commons resumed sitting, the question of abuse in the military has become a major challenge not only for the Canadian Forces but for Defence Minister Art Eggleton. Last week, one of his senior aides told Maclean's that the minister had been "disoriented" by the tales of sexual harassment revealed by the 23 women interviewed for the May 25 report. But in public, his total reaction gave way to a more detached, studied response. "I have no information that would lead me to believe that [sexual abuse] is any worse in the military than it was in society overall," he told reporters from a news conference in Ottawa on May 26. "So this is a problem in Canadian society overall."

Officials insist that gendered time does not reflect Eggleton's true feelings. His main concern, they say, is to reassure within two weeks the long-awaited establishment of an office of ambassador to handle complaints, including in parts of sexual harassment, from the ranks of the Canadian Forces. That office, Eggleton told Maclean's in an earlier interview, is being recruited from outside the military and the federal bureaucracy—to bring an unbiased, fresh, outsider's perspective to the new role, and work outside the Forces' culture.

For reform, the sexual assault issue is problematic. The army has a long record of ambivalence towards fully integrating women into the Forces—which makes it difficult to move position itself as a champion of women in uniform. Defence critic Hanger said he once heard about sexual harassment in the Forces, but he dismissed previous allegations about pulling women into fighting roles. "If there are problems arising where officers cannot maintain adequate discipline, if they cannot maintain their focus on the job at hand and are having to wonder about what kinds of relationships are building between men and women in a unit," Hanger said, "then how effective and cohesive the unit will going to be? In combat areas in particular, these are legitimate questions to be asked."

In fact, concerns about sexual assault have rippled through the senior ranks of the Canadian Forces before Chief Deborah Wilson, who is in charge of overseeing the

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integration of women into the military, told *Maclean's* that last year, during a visit to Borden, a colonel was told by the soldier assigned to drive him around that sexual assault was a persistent problem on the base. Alarmed, the colonel telephoned Wilson to report what he took to be a serious allegation. Wilson told *Maclean's* how she followed up: "I spoke to the senior leadership in Borden and I said, 'Are you aware of it, are you concerned?' And they did do an investigation and R. They looked at whatever evidence they found, and subsequently wrote an open letter in the base newspaper saying they had also heard those allegations and they did not feel that there was a particularly high level of sexual assault cases."

Case closed? Not all allegations were put to rest. While Wilson said she is confident the leadership at Borden would not intentionally cover up a pattern of sexual assault, she also conceded that steps that never reached the stage of a police investigation would have been all but impossible for the base command to assess. And Wilson suggested that Borden, with its close-knit atmosphere, remains a focus of ongoing suspicion. "One of the things about Borden is that it's a large base and a training base—a lot of people walk through it," she said. "So, I was going to guess, just in terms of where the opportunities for larger numbers [of sexual assault] are, I probably would guess Borden."

Wilson also suggested the pattern of response that followed the meeting colonel's warning about Borden is typical: DND

trusts base commanders to look into allegations about their own operations. "When the concern is raised, we feed it back into the system and we say 'Deal with this issue,'" Wilson said. But the investigation that the chain of command at Canadian bases is competent to investigate sexual assault allegations—and can be relied on to bring any serious problems to light—is coming under fire. Banger says the cases reported by *Maclean's* should not be left to the Forces' hierarchy and military police is inept.

"Where is their experience at this type of investigation?" he said. "I think it will have to be the RCMP."

But Banger insists there is no need for outsiders to examine the issue of sexual assault in his army, navy and air force. Last week, he urged any forces who have been assaulted or harassed to report their allegations through the normal military channels. (A week's end, Banger said that two or three women had called him directly.) Earlier, he told the newly formed National Investigation Service, which has wider power to investigate and lay charges of sexual assault than ordinary military police, as proof that the military is "not only changing the attitude of the investigators, but we have outright changed the way we are investigating."

If that is true, it is long overdue. And even some members of the military police wonder whether substantive changes will result from the reforms. One military policeman, who asked not to be identified, says that during his career he has regularly encountered interference from high-ups in sexual assault investi-



Baker: 'These are cases where there are in the wrong profession'

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

WHEN THE VICTIMS ARE MEN

For Justin Cherner was exhausted from a day of heavy rain—was in August, 1994, at CFB Wainwright's battle school. He had gone to bed early and was in a deep sleep when he was awakened by an acidic liquid running down the side of his face. Five members of his platoon stood over his bed laughing, bragging that they had just passed him with a cocktail of urine, semen and saliva. But Cherner didn't laugh. He complained to a superior officer who called the 11 members of Cherner's unit into his office and made them do push-ups until the offending five had admitted what they had done. The men were charged with minor offences, but for Cherner, who is now married and lives in Richmond Hill, Ont., it wasn't enough. "Emotionally, I broke down after this happened," he said. "I lost my trust in the guys I was supposed to be going to war with."

After complaining, Cherner found himself struggling to overcome the same obstacles to his career that military women have described facing when they spoke out about abuse. After four months with the military, he says he asked to be re-assigned to another trade. When his superiors refused his request, he left the military. "My biggest mistake was saying something," he now says. "There's no system set up to lodge a complaint without losing your career. This is a widespread problem for men as well as women."

Men can also be subjected to sexual assault. In May and September of 1995, at CFB Petawawa, two male members of the military were allegedly sexually assaulted—one sodomized—by a fellow serviceman who is still working on the base. Cherner has been laid by the Ontario Provincial Police, and the case will come to trial in Pembroke, Ont. this September. But a source close to that investigation said superiors on the base tried to hush up the assaults to "prevent another scandal." In fact, the OPP was not called in to investigate the allegations—but became aware of them only when investigators arrived at the base in connection with another incident. "If it hadn't been for that, this would have been swept under the rug," says the source.

Another male soldier who says he was recently raped by a fellow serviceman told *Maclean's* he is afraid to come forward with charges against his assailant—who he claims has raped other soldiers—for fear of reprisals. He says he wants to write a letter to Chief of Defence Staff Gen. Maurice Bant, but is worried that he will be punished if his senior officers discover he has gone "outside the chain of command." He was also angered last week when he heard Defence Minister Art Eggleton say that the incidence of sexual assault was no greater in the military than in the civilian world. "It's not true," he says. "I wanted to phone him and ask him how the hell he knew that. He's not in the barracks, he's not living on these bases."

garrison. "The grooves, the rank and file, are dedicated," he says. "It's the chain of command that flows up—there's blatant interference in living things." And he added about the *Maclean's* report, "You haven't even scratched the surface."

That denoting indictment was echoed by other military sources who described one after another of superior officers routinely obstructing investigations and trying to keep sexual assault charges out of civilian courts, where they would be more highly publicized. In some cases, preparations were simply made from the base where the assault took place and quietly went on with their careers. That, apparently, is what happened in Gasport in the summer of 1988 when a soldier and a civilian soldier from the Royal Canadian Regiment reportedly raped a woman described as "mentally defective." They also took photographs of their exploits. The case was later covered by the military police and were evidence enough, says one source, to get a conviction. But a senior officer intervened and no charges were laid.

"The investigation was skewed from the get-go," says the source. "A lot of people walked away from that case."

Investigating incidents of military barracks pose special problems for the military police. In these tightly knit units, the "words of command" are as the highest form of loyalty. Guardsmen trying to crack that code are usually unsuccessful. And, according to one informant, military police also tried to investigate combat units only to be ended up "as protectors of the unit, not enforcers of the law."

Soldiers, both male and female, say that much of the hostility towards women in combat units is a result of the instructors who run basic training and battle training schools. Although many are dedicated teachers, others are caricatures of screaming drill sergeants with antiquated attitudes—and the power to mould the minds of young recruits and create a climate in which women are reviled. Justin Cherner was a recruit at the Wainwright battle school in the summer of 1984, and remembers one instructor openly telling recruits that if a woman came on his course, he would "make sure she wouldn't make it past the second week." (Cherner left the military soon after because of the abuse he suffered.) And one of the first women to go through combat training at Gasport describes one of her instructors as "sadistic."

His openly abusive attitude towards women, she says, were copied by other male recruits. "On the first day, he told the men they were to hate women and officers," she recalls. Last year, at a military function, she encountered the same instructor—and was shocked to learn he was still teaching. "I couldn't believe they're letting this guy



Cherner: making a complaint and suffering the consequences

CFB Gasport: Allegations that a sexual gang rape in 1988 was hushed up



Many of the women feel a great sense of betrayal

COVER

instruct," she says. And another former soldier, a man who just retired after 20 years service, adds, "Some guys are really good, but when you get the worse-appearing control freaks that promote to these jobs, terrible things can happen."

Among ordinary servicemen and women, the allegations of sexual assault within the military brought a mixed reaction. One master corporal with 16 years service said outside CFB Halifax that she thought the issue had been overlooked. But she was also critical of the women who had come forward to complain about the Macdon's article. "For them to go on TV last night and say it doesn't exist is totally wrong," she said. And she added "You wouldn't catch me saying that." Another male leading seaman with 12 years service said: "In my experience, I've never heard of women being abused—it's another man's complaint to stir the anger of the Canadian Forces." But of the sexual assault victims whose stories were featured in Macdon's, he said: "I'm sure it happens, but I'm also sure that some women were hit—by rag-dolls, or body language, or whatever."

Krista Piche certainly does not feel that she was mistreated as a cadet when the age of 15, she entered the Forces as an ordinary seaman in 1991 at the age of 19. In November, 1994, three years into her service as a communications researcher, she was stationed at CFB Alert, the northernmost military installation in Canada. And there, she says, she was raped by a petty officer.

At a party celebrating the arrival of a travelling entertainment show, she recalls, the petty officer asked about her sexual orientation and put his hand up her shirt. That behavior escalated once they returned to the common room at her living quarters. "He laid me around and kept trying to touch me and kiss me," Piche recounts. "I said leave me alone—and I told him to think about his wife." But in the end, her struggles and injuries faded.

After the assault, a female friend took her to the medical ward officer—who first joked that Piche should keep her underwear in a plastic bag and advised her to make the report when she called her stepmother back and returned shortly in February. He then convinced her not to report the incident higher up the chain of command, warning her about the perils of going before court martial with charges of gross indecency. But Piche did file a complaint, two months later, with a CFB Alert military policeman. That in turn led to 16-month military investigation, after which the case was turned over to the RCMP—something that, procedurally, should have happened immediately.

But civilian authorities, she says, could not decide where to try the case. Finally, a new district attorney took over and sent there not enough evidence to proceed to trial. "The sexual part I have been considered for," says Piche. "The part that is the hardest for me is that all the people who said they were going to protect me didn't." The petty officer, she says, was ordered by a career review board to undergo six months' counselling and probation. And after almost 20 years, during that time her no-

quies for transfer were denied and she had to work with the man who assaulted her, she took her release, leaving the military last July. "I let go of my dreams and my hopes," Piche says.

Among some women still pursuing their dreams in the Canadian Forces, there is a sense that, while the situation may have once been bad, attitudes have been improving. Sgt. Darade Goulet, 40, recalls that when she joined the air force in 1983, she said a visit to the base psychiatrist's office, she thought, had cheap contentment for her. But the optimists' outlook



Egyptian (left) maintaining that the problem is no worse than in civilian world

got several interested in more than her sex. Finally, he told her she could get contact later—if she was "nice" to him. She refused. Twenty-three years later, Goulet, now at CFB Esquimaux in Victoria, is still wearing glasses. But she says she has seen a lot of change in the military. As a young woman in the Forces, she admits she was sexually harassed—once corporal touched her constantly and a sergeant laughed at her when she reported the abuse. Now, she says, "I don't see things as bad because I remember how it used to be. There were pictures of nude women, sometimes very explicit, everywhere. Now it's totally forbidden. I would tend to agree with someone who said, 20 years ago, 'In the Canadian Forces they are a bunch of adolescent pigs who treat women like nothing.' But I am not willing to accept that today." Goulet notes that things are not perfect—sexual abuse, she says, "is going to happen—it's a part of life." But, she adds, "I have also witnessed a very sincere effort to change the mentality and attitude in the Forces." There may well be reasons for some optimism among women now in the military—or considering a career in the Canadian Forces. But for the victims of abuse, the old attitudes are not going quickly enough.

With IRVING ABERGLEN in Halifax, JOHN GENDERS in Ottawa, MENDY BROUSWELL in Montreal, SHARON DESSA and STEPHANIE NOLAN in Toronto and GINNY HAINSWORTH in Victoria



COVER

PAIN AND PRIDE

As retired major Dee Brasseur, the subject for all too close to home. In fact, when Brasseur, one of Canada's first female military pilots, started looking through the May 26 Macdon's story about rape in the military, she felt the sting from her own wounds. "It was very very difficult to read," concedes Brasseur, 44, who retired from the air force in 1994. Although she has been involved in the Canadian Forces' efforts to educate women, Brasseur had kept silent about her own sexual harassment in the military. Last week, she spoke publicly to Macdon's about being harassed, sexually abused and raped during her distinguished 11 year career. "It's very difficult for me because I loved the military," explains Brasseur, who is single and now lives in suburban Ottawa. "I told him it and I won't know him back then. As well as it was, it was also unpleasant."

As a female pioneer in the air force, Brasseur has simple memories from both ends of the spectrum. Of late, however, she has been sifting through the darker moments of her military career, which she approached for years. "You just live or live damn it into my own healing process," says Brasseur, who recently sought the help of a therapist. The daughter of a lieutenant-colonel, she joined the air force in 1972, when women still wore skirts, blouses and, in the summer, white gloves. Brasseur, then 19, began as a typist and had to fend off sexual advances. She worked her way up as an weapons controller job, and in 1979, when the military decided to let women fly, Brasseur applied to be a pilot.

It wasn't an easy path. She realizes that she was pursued by a course instructor and eventually felt coerced into having sex with him. "My future was in his hands," she explains. Other trou-

bles followed. A few years later, Brasseur says she was raped by a drunken military boyfriend. Looking back, she believes that fleeing sexual abuse in the military is almost an act of cowardice. "When something you love betrays you in that fashion," says Brasseur, "it is the deepest psychological wounding you can have."

Brasseur on the vanguard of integration caused other strains. After she got her wings in 1981, Brasseur started working as a flight instructor at Moose Jaw, Sask. The area was initially less than welcoming, according to Brasseur, who says they asked her questions like, "What are you trying to be, a man?" Brasseur says she eventually won their respect. "They'd finally come up to you and say, 'Women are OK in the flying business,'" she recalls. During her Moose Jaw posting, Brasseur applied for a transfer to try out for the elite all-Canada Snowbirds jet team. Each time, her application was rejected, which Brasseur chalks up to her gender. But there was some consolation. In 1988, Brasseur got her long-awaited chance to become a full-fledged fighter pilot when the military allowed women to start flying combat planes.

Brasseur insists that attitudes began improving as the number of women in the Canadian Forces grew in the mid-1980s. "The overt sexual harassment and resistance to gender integration all but disappeared and slipped into the covert stage," she estimates.

Combat roles lagged behind because they only opened to women in 1988, says Brasseur, who from December, 1996, to November, 1997, served on the number of national defence's military board monitoring the military's integration efforts. But there were still unpleasant incidents. In 1990, Brasseur says, an indebted colonel approached her in a bar and then grabbed her backside with both hands. He later apologized privately and Brasseur decided not to file a sexual harassment complaint.

Brasseur does not believe that resistance to women in the Forces is rampant. Part of the problem, she maintains, are the "old Cro-Magnon guys"—a dwindling number of senior-rank commitment and noncommittal personnel. "If you don't have a commanding officer of an unit with a proper attitude, all his troops get off with it," says Brasseur. "It is inevitable."

Brasseur now works as a motivational speaker. She is also writing her memoirs. Although she retired from the air force suffering from what she calls "battle fatigue" as a result of gender discrimination, Brasseur remains fiercely loyal to the military. "I would recommend it to anybody, despite what occurred," she says. Brasseur maintains that the military offers exciting career opportunities for women. "I would never have imagined myself starting out as a typist and ending up flying a CF-18," she says, still enthusiastic as she describes the latter experience. "It's mentally, emotionally and physically the most exhilarating challenge you can imagine." For Brasseur, some of her military memories are definitely worth savouring.

BRENDA BRANSWELL

The battle for medicare cash

Health-care firms seek to protect their market share as governments cut back

BY JOHN NICOL and STEPHANIE NOLEN

Mike Harris ought to love Joseph Korman. The Ontario premier is owed far of his campaign and old-fashioned hard work. Korman is both these things: he sought to flee the cure to Canada from India in 1981, to study chemistry, and 16 years later opened a small medical testing business. Back then, he had just three employees, including his wife. But after years of working long hours and weekends, the original two-man lab grew into a prosperous company called Alpha Laboratories Inc., with 250 employees. Today, Korman works out of gleaming facilities in Toronto with the latest diagnostic equipment. One of the commitments Harris brought to office in 1995 was a promise of less government interference so that businesses such as Korman's might flourish. In 1996, he sent Korman a letter congratulating him on completing 25 years in business. But now Harris is poised to close that business down.

Korman's lab does tests ordered by doctors, such as those for thyroid function and cholesterol levels. It has about three per cent of the Ontario market for the medical testing, enough to turn a healthy profit. Until last year, Korman planned to keep growing. But under a health regulation set to take in next month, Korman will be required to roll back his business to the size it was in 1995—even though his market share has doubled since then. Furthermore, the portion of the cash that his company has received since March 23, 1996, as a result of an order in court of the 1989-1990 fiscal year's market share—\$3 million, Korman says—must be surrendered via the province to larger laboratories whose market share shrank during the same period. With \$3.5 million recently invested in new facilities, and his business on its fall, Korman says his business will be unprofitable. "If it wasn't the government doing this, it would be totally healthy," Korman says. "This is price fixing and conspiracy."

The new regulation will see sure the province money, but will guarantee revenue for a large lab company that has close connections to the Harris government. The lab fight in Ontario is illustrative of the onshore struggle developing as Canadian governments limit health-care spending, and private companies seek to ensure they hold on to a piece of the shrinking pie. It highlights a facet of the national debate about the privatization of health-care services. And the Ontario lab regulation has already had what doctors call a disastrous impact on patient care.

The new rule, a *Maclean's* investigation revealed, is all about man-

aging patients. Without public debate, the provincial government and representatives of the Ontario Association of Medical Laboratories (OAML) reached an agreement in January on the regulation. In essence, regulation O Reg 2/98 says that the total billable amount for lab tests in Ontario is fixed (as it has been since 1985), and so are the proportions of that total available to each of Ontario's 22 licensed labs, based on their share of 1995 business. Anythings earned since then in excess of their 1995 shares (such as Korman's \$3 million) is taken back, and redistributed according to the 1995 legislation. For 1996-1997, the total billable cap is \$415 million, up an increase of 1.5 per cent. Last year, labs billed \$481 million, and were paid from a total \$415 million.

Korman says that is just fine—his and other small labs have no problem working with that total envelope, as long as they can compete for business (by providing doctors with fast, accurate tests, for example). But he challenges the province to explain why an individual cap is necessary, why each lab should be restricted to its share of the market it had in 1995, and why he should be retroactively paying back his profits to Canada. Dynacare Medical Laboratories Ltd. and the other large labs (Dynacare and Medical Diagnostics Inc., known as MDS, the two largest lab companies in the province, have 60 per cent of the market between them; their market share has fallen since 1995). "We provide good service, we are open on weekends and 24 hours, we do house calls, and we have many satisfied customers," Korman says. "We have been growing. And now the government wants to restrict us, and to redistribute our profits to large labs that haven't been providing that service." The federal competition bureau also questions the regulation. In December, 1997, it asked the provincial health authority that "the implementation of the corporate cap proposal is likely to have a number of adverse effects on the private medical lab industry in Ontario"—citing among them the distortion of competition and inefficiency.

Korman and owners of three other small laboratories launch an



Korman at his Toronto laboratory: a new rule for the medical testing business protects the big players

effort to overturn the rule in court on June 5. Provincial Health Minister Elizabeth Witmer refused to comment, citing the pending court case. That leaves the small labs and the doctors with no answer for one big question: why an allegedly free-enterprise government is meddling in a private-sector industry? The truth may have little to do with health-care spending, but lots to do with politics. With an industry-wide cap, labs cannot increase their profits by doing more tests, so they need to protect their market share from erosion by competitors. With regulation O Reg 2/98, the wealthy large labs have their future guaranteed.

The OAML says the cap on individual companies is necessary to bring stability to the industry. "The lab business is a service to the public," says Virginia Turner, chief executive officer of the association, defending its successful regulation by the province. But the small labs cry foul: when the idea of the retroactive cap was put to a vote at an OAML meeting in September, 1997, it was defeated 24 to 19. Nonetheless, the board of directors, over which the two largest labs exert considerable influence, agreed to it with the province. Ontario had designated the OAML as the exclusive negotiating agent for the labs, despite repeated opposition from Korman and other small lab owners, who were not members when the issue of the cap was first raised; they have since joined.

Dynacare-MDS is owned by the Laker family of Toronto who,

their critics say, have close ties to Harris and his senior political adviser Tim Lutz. A search of election finance records since 1985 reveals that the Latters, through various companies, gave the provincial Conservative party \$43,400. In the same period, they gave the provincial Liberals \$3,100. The retroactive cap was the second policy initiative by the Harris government that directly benefited Laker family interests. In March, the Latters were part of a consortium that made a successful bid in the province to build a \$500-million permanent casino in Niagara Falls.

Toronto-based Dynacare is an international firm, also operating labs in Alberta and the United States. In British Columbia, MDS and B-C Bio Inc. control two-thirds of the lab market. In Manitoba, MDS has a partnership with health-care unions to run the province's labs. (Medical labs in Quebec and the Atlantic provinces are publicly owned.) Private-sector provision of health services is a lucrative business. For example, Canadian Medical Laboratories Ltd., Ontario's third-largest lab, last week announced a 25-per-cent increase in earnings in the first three months of this year. With governments cutting or freezing spending, health-care businesses across the country are brokering regulations to protect their profits. Michael Rochlin, a health policy analyst and member of the Medical Reform Group, a lobby organization for public health care, says that "these deals tend to be

I can't believe this is happening in Canada— and by a government that espouses competition'

made priority out of patients' offices." The big medical companies go straight to the top, he says, rather than dealing with policy developers or even the ministry of health. "They say, 'We're physicians, we'll give you an exclusive access to your marketplace,'" Rochlis adds. "The concern is that these sweetheart deals aren't best for the public."

Colleen Fuller, research associate with the B.C. branch of the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, and author of a forthcoming book called *Craving for Profit*, says the big labs have worked hard to court politicians, and indeed to lure them. Brian Darling, Bob Hay's executive assistant when he led the NDP government of Ontario, works for MDx, and Elizabeth Cull, former NDP health minister in British Columbia, is working as a consultant for the firm. That, says researcher Fuller, are just one of many examples of political connections.

The large lab companies are known for other business-bolstering practices. "One of the reasons that tests get done is fast they are needed, but that is only one reason," says Michael Devine, deputy minister of health in the former Ontario NDP government, now a healthcare consultant. "In a system where labs are run by the private sector, you do need government initiatives for control." It is an open secret in the medical community that labs offer doctors incentives to get their business. These inducements include free rent for doctors' offices in buildings owned by labs, or the payment of highly inflated rates for lab space in doctor-owned medical buildings. Although such practices are considered conflicts of interest by the Ontario Medical Association, the doctors' organization, McEwen interviewed nine doctors, all of whom confirmed that the practices continue. "The concern has always been that these practices could lead to unnecessary testing," Devine says. "There is not a strong code of conduct for the industry."

Doctors who say that Dynacare is aggressive in pursuit of profits, Mike McEwen, national co-ordinator of the Canadian Health Coalition, an Ottawa-based coalition group of health-care workers' unions, says Dynacare is known for "cream-skimming"—doing tests that are profitable while leaving complex tests that cost a great deal to be performed by hospital labs, or smaller companies that need the business. "They are privatizing the profits, and socializing the losses," McEwen charges. "They are not capable of functioning without sucking money out of the public system." Dynacare declined to comment on these allegations.

If the Ontario government pushes ahead with the lab regulations, it is not just Karmali and his employees who will be affected. Since January, more than 130 doctors have been told by the labs that formerly did testing for them to send their patients elsewhere. The doctors say this sharply decreases the quality of the care they provide their patients, who must now wait longer or

travel much farther for tests. "Four weeks ago, our lab called us up and said they were not going to service us any more," says Dr. Desmond Alldina, a family physician at the Pickering Urgent Care centre, 75 km east of Toronto, which was served by Canadian Medical Laboratories Ltd. "Then the Dynacare lab next door closed up shop. No one wants to do our work, and our patients are suffering. It's a result of the corporate cap."

Mark Friedman, the lawyer representing Karmali and the other small labs, says the big labs realize they no longer have to compete to guarantee themselves a large share of the market, and they are eliminating costly services to doctors such as house calls, picking up specimens, and operating collection centres in medical buildings. They can do a set number of tests in a limited number of sites over the year, enough to earn their fixed income, he says.

That means no more late fees for doctors. Alexander Jones, a family doctor in Toronto, had a woman patient—a technician who collects blood for tests—co-locate at his family practice until the regulation was introduced and Ontario Dynacare paid 80 per cent of her salary, and so got Jones's lab business. But at the beginning of the year, the lab let the doctor know it would no longer be paying, citing the regulatory change as the reason. "Now I have to send 95-year-old patients to the hospital in town where they wait for hours for tests," says Jones, who admits that he is alarmed by the regulation. "The province is totally misguided. This is going to cost them money, because people won't go far tests, there will be no more preventative medicine, and the government will end up in a black hole. A hospital stay at \$1,000 a day or a \$20 test? You do the math."

Doctors also worry that late in the year, when each individual lab has done enough tests to meet its billing limit, they will simply stop doing them. "In October, where am I going to get a blood test done?" asks Alldina, the Pickering GP. Since January, Karmali has taken on patients from the 130 doctors who were dumped by other labs. "I have no idea if we will get paid for these tests," he says. "But I'm not going to turn patients away."

The small labs in Ontario are hoping the courts will force the Harris government to repeal the cap regulations. "I can't believe this is happening in Canada," says physician Larry Nicholson, medical director at Rosse Nuclear Laboratories in London, Ont. Like other small labs, Nicholson is sure his lab will have to close if it is restricted to its 1995 market share. "The scariest thing is that this could happen in Canada, and by a government that espouses competition as desirable."

While the lawsuit is out, Ontario patients are paying the price. If the government regulation stands up in court, it may send a warning to patients in other provinces about the perils of private-enterprise pressures in a public healthcare system. □



Karmali under attack for intervening in the market

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Not inspired: protesters demanding action, protesters

government. "It is disastrous, in an absolute way that there are two nations—there is ours and then there is the other," declared Quebec's deputy premier Bernard Landry.

The PQ's glowing outlook on an aspect of the Lester affair that was damaging to their cause—evidence that non-Quebecers can get equally emotional—seems irrational—about national unity. The natural in Ottawa, a city that wears its nationalism like a badge, demonstrated the flow in Peopled claims that cool-headed negotiations for an economic union would also automatically have a vote for Quebec independence. But, in the short term at least, the

past helped make it a happy week for Lester Bouchard. The Quebec premier also got a boost from his four-day visit through the United States, as the governors of Massachusetts and Illinois backed his assertion that the spectre of secession does not discourage outside investors.

Bouchard chose last week's American journey for one of his occasional displays of generosity towards Canada, extolling the virtues of Montreal's bilingualism and calling Canada's "great country, a great democracy," language he has never used at home. He also used his Levine call for greater tolerance, although he and his entourage suggested at several turns that their own tolerance towards dissent had limits. The Bouchard road show was shadowed by Montreal's Anglo rights activists, whose protests outside Bouchard's luncheon in Boston and Chicago included Jean-Claude Scriver, president of the financial services powerhouse Caisse de dépôt et placement du Québec. "I think we should be a little less tolerant with those who do damage to Quebec," said Scriver.

Bouchard also suggested that "sometimes, if you use [this] special law much, you can wear it out." He also added that "restraints on our side are quite restrained." That was a subtly detectable assertion during a week in which *Le Journal de Montréal* columnist Pierre Boivin wrote that Ottawa's reaction to Levine's hiring showed "the real dogs of English Canada are looking on downy but not to intervene. Their wisest move," he suggested, "is looking straight to civil war." Overblown rhetoric, for sure. But the forces of tolerance on all sides were on the defensive last week, a reminder that, at the very least, it is getting ever easier to provoke an unbridled war of words.

BRIUCE WALLACE in Ottawa

CANADA

Condition critical

When part of the farthest east overtook her as she tried to leave last week's public meeting at the Ottawa Civic Hospital, Martin Dewar decided a would be prudent to simply take the abuse rather than argue. Some people called her "garbage" and "trash." They screamed profanities, one saying that the former Ottawa mayor and outgoing New Democrat MP had "ruined Canada" and was now trying to destroy it. The 70-year-old Dewar had been one of the few to rise that night to defend the hospital board's hiring of outgoing Parti Québécois candidate David Levine as its new president. Competence, not politics, she argued, should be the reason for hiring and firing. Wrong, said most of the other 500 people in the hall, whose now-popping explosion of anti-separatist fury and cries of treason turned a controversy meeting into something resembling *The Jerry Springer Show*. "People were so angry," Dewar later recalled, "that really the only thing to do was to stand there and listen."

The hospital's decision to choose a man with a separatist pedigree kicked up a storm the board members never saw coming and seemed incapable of defusing. Ultimately, the overall shockwaves of the anti-Levine crowd may have frightened enough of his softer critics that the board left comfortable confining the appointment two days later. But until then, the hospital was facing a spiralling backlash. No one questioned the 50-year-old Montrealer's abilities as an administrator. They were just mystified that a hospital in the national capital would seek the expertise of someone currently serving as the PQ government's representative in New York. The controversy was provoked along by local media, with both Ottawa daily newspapers denouncing Levine as a fired and radio talk shows crackling criticism higher. "The morning is your chance to find out, to tell the board to fire Levine or else," wrote Ottawa's Sun columnist Earl McKee. Ontario Premier Mike Harris simplified the fight, suggesting it was preferable to hire a

Anti-PQ fury stuns an Ottawa hospital

Levine: a former
separatist candidate



negotiator for the job than a separatist. An often-raised collective resentment in Quebec, just across the river on the shores of Hall, some residents complained that Ottawa's anger was thin veneer for anti-French racism—despite the fact that Levine comes from Montreal's English-speaking community. Quebec's nationalists and federalists banded to condemn the treatment of Levine, but the issue was political mine for the PQ



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Canada NOTES

LOGJAM

Anger mounted among natives as New Brunswick stepped up its battle over aboriginal logging rights by suing five trucks being used to haul illegally cut trees. In April, the provincial Court of Appeal overturned lower court rulings that said natives have a treaty right to harvest timber from Crownland. Native loggers have been defying a government order to stop cutting.

A TEST OF CONFIDENCE

As NDP parliamentside motion, set for a future vote, challenged the new minority Nova Scotia Liberal government. At issue was first week's throne speech, which the NDP said lacked vision and details. The Liberals held just 19 seats, while the NDP has 13 and the Conservatives have 14.

ABUSED WOMAN FREED

A pair of six women and six men in Brandon, Man., deliberated for one hour before acquitting Kimberley Kordjowski, 38, of murdering her husband, John, 38, with a shotgun blast. Jurors heard that Kordjowski, a military sergeant, physically, mentally and sexually abused his wife, forcing her to have sex with other men. He also reportedly tried to force her to let herself so he could collect insurance money.

LOTTO LETDOWN

Ontario's Permit Ltd. a Quebec Superior Court suit against longtime friend and fellow claimant Judy Annie Fabre, claiming half of the \$2.6-billion winnings from a 649 ticket that she says she purchased in 1996 in the subway on their way home. Perreault says they agreed to split the 649 ticket together to collect the jackpot, as they had done in the past when they had found winning tickets with much smaller prizes. According to Perreault, Fabre had revealed up.

HISTORIC CLOSING

The Alberta government will close one of its pioneering charter schools for the first time at the end of June, leaving 650 Calgary students looking for new classrooms this fall. The announcement came several weeks before the expected release of a forensic audit into the financial affairs of the Global Learning Academy. Charter schools, which we publicly financed but locally administered independent of school boards, exist only in Alberta.



FLYING THE COOP: Disgraced hockey czar Alan Eagleson looks shellshocked as he is released from prison on a day pass to begin his first full week of work. Eagleson, 65, has served 4½ months of the 18-month sentence he received for defrauding Hockey Canada, Labour's and the NHL Players' Association. He now works as an office manager at a sheet metal firm in a Toronto suburb, returning to jail at night. (A friend of Eagleson, Leo Vigna, owns the company.) Several former players alleged Eagleson was getting preferential treatment. "It just shows how well wired he is," said ex-NHLer Glen Sharpley, who was fined out of \$15,000 by Eagleson.

A ban to rescue coho salmon

With coho salmon facing extinction, federal Fisheries Minister David Anderson backed ordering the lucrative West Coast fish. The ban is expected to have serious consequences for British Columbia's \$60-million commercial fishery, which will now have to employ selective harvesting techniques to make sure the number of coho caught accidentally while looking for other salmon species like sockeye (Coho are known to swim among other species.) Hardest hit, however, will be the \$700-million sport-fishing industry because of its reliance on coho. Criticizing the decision, Bird, executive director of the Sport Fishing Institute of British Columbia, said: "It's like a horse

ball but when a scalded could have been used." O'Brien's plan, welcomed by conservationists and accepted by most commercial fishers, bans all fishing in the upper Skeena and Thompson rivers, where coho are most threatened. The department of fisheries and oceans, however, says it will allow selective fishing for other salmon species elsewhere—as long as not too many coho are caught in the process. Just how many constitutes too many, Anderson did not say. This week, Ottawa is to consult interest groups on implementing the selective-fishing aspects of the ban. "We'll have a look, stream by stream, watershed by watershed," Anderson said.

Dangerous liaisons

In a sensational B.C. Supreme Court trial, exposed with sex and intrigue, two former partners testified that Gail Goss, 42, was an arrogant and close-minded adolescent offender suspect. Proven Sarah G. Goss, a part-time movie extra, allegedly had sex with Gail while she was a junior at his 1989 trial. For that, and for

allegedly influencing the not-guilty verdict, Goss is charged with obstructing justice. Last week's witnesses, Debbie Fitz-Gibbons and Kelly Goss, were also jurors at the G. trial. "I only came on in the trial, in the jury room," [Goss] said that the found [G.]'s jury attractive," Fitz-Gibbons testified. Cynthia Hayes, Goss's former friend, had already testified that Goss confessed to having sex with G.

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A rousing Yes for peace

Even before the polls opened, the telltale signs of seismic change began to drift across Northern Ireland's rolling green hills. It was there early on Friday morning, in the long lines of voters waiting patiently under overcast skies for the doors to open at some 384 schools, churches and community halls in the province, hunched more palpable here in the day in places like Belfast's Shankill Road, when a teenage David Trimble was heartily welcomed, even congratulated, by the residents of the stoutly loyalist Protestant neighborhood. And it was fully confirmed on Saturday afternoon when, beneath the same leaden clouds, the referendum ballots were counted, revealing that an overwhelming majority of the island's voters want a peaceful end to Ireland's bloody sectarian wars. "They voted for the future," proclaimed a jubilant Ms. Worsley, Northern Ireland secretary of state in the British government. "They voted to take the gun out of Irish politics—north and south of the border."

To all but a few joyous diehards, the referendum's results amounted to a resounding victory for the architects of the agreement that, after two years of often painful negotiations, was signed on April 10, Good Friday. More than 80 per cent of Northern Ireland's 1.2 million voters tramped to the polls, the largest turnout for an Irish referendum in 250 years. They endorsed the Good Friday agreement by a wide margin, with 71.1 per cent voting in favor of the 68-page document. South of the border, the turnout was smaller, with only 60 per cent of the Irish Republic's 2.7 million eligible voters casting ballots. But the level of support for the agreement was even more commanding—so less than 94.4 per cent voted Yes. "It signals a new chapter in the way Irish politics are conducted," said political scientist Spidley Elman of Belfast's Queen's University. "What the people are saying is that, after 30 years of living with violence, they want something new. Now, it's up to the politicians to provide it."

That is certainly going to be no simple task. For the Good Friday agreement is a complex, sometimes contradictory affair, a reflection of the compromises that had to be worked out between the two governments and the representatives of the six separate political parties who signed it. It envisions a new 106-member Northern Ireland elected assembly with built-in provisions to protect minority rights, a new 10-member executive, new cross-border administrative bodies to manage joint projects between southern Ulster and the southern republic, and the establishment of a Council of the Isles, grouping the two Irish governments with the British government in London as well as the emerging regional elected as-



The Irish question passes the North and South

minorities in Scotland and Wales. "Nobody said it was going to be easy," admitted British Prime Minister Tony Blair as he welcomed the referendum's results on Saturday. "But at least we have now taken a giant step along the path to a settled state."

The next step occurs on June 25, when Northern Ireland's voters will again be asked to go to the polls, this time to elect the proposed assembly. The members of the new assembly will be chosen by a complicated form of proportional representation modeled on Belgium's system of a single transferable vote. Each of the province's 18 existing electoral constituencies in the British House of Commons will select six members to the new regional parliament. And that is the principal reason why the margins of the referendum victory was viewed as critical by the supporters of the Good Friday agreement. "We went into this requiring the support of the majority in both the Catholic and Protestant communities," said Trimble, leader of the mainstream Ulster Unionist party, shortly after the referendum's results were announced. "Now we have it."

The results tend to support Trimble's view. While there is no accurate way of assessing the breakdown of the vote since ballots were tallied provincewide, it does seem clear that, as expected, affec-

tioning in Belfast, Adams gives a thumbs-up (below). Many remain about the border that still lie ahead.

about Catholic voters massively endorsed the agreement. "The best estimate put the No vote in the nationalist community somewhere between three or four per cent," said Queen's University political scientist Elton. Based on Northern Ireland's last three elections, when nationalists accounted for roughly 40 per cent of the total vote, that would indicate that a clear majority of the Protestant unionists also backed the agreement. If the upcoming June 25 election mirrors the referendum's results, then the chances are good that Northern Ireland's electorate will return members dedicated to making the new assembly work.

There are, however, pitfalls along the way, none more difficult than those posed by the Rev. Ian Paisley. In the wake of the referendum, the fiery 72-year-old leader of the Ulster Democratic Unionist party, second largest in the Protestant community, was not ready to concede defeat. "A majority of ancestors have voted against Trimble's school," he claimed, pointing to the 38 per cent No vote. "We only needed 35 per cent to have a new army of ancestors in our camp," he asserted, "and we certainly exceeded that."

Whatever the accuracy of Paisley's calculations, the sabbard fears that, come next month, the revered and his allies in the unionist community will not enough seats in the new assembly to wreck it. Given the proposed assembly's delicate system of checks and balances, it would not require much subterfuge to bring the whole structure tumbling down—or at least make it unworkable.

But Paisley is not the only hurdle. Judging from the comments of many No voters on referendum day, there is widespread concern in the Protestant community over the continuing role of Sinn Féin's leadership to successfully declare that the Irish Republican Army's members are soon going to bolster their weapons. "I wanted to vote Yes and I almost did," said Kevin Butler, 58, a railway worker, as he emerged from a polling station last Friday afternoon at the upper end of the Shankill Road. "But I'll be damned if I'm going to do that until those boys in the IRA give up their guns."

Gerry Adams could make life easier for Trimble's associates with a word or two. But the Sinn Féin leader at once again dodged the issue as he stood amid the hubbub last Saturday at Belfast's Kings Hall.

While the referendum ballots were being counted, "The only gun you see on the streets now belong to British soldiers," he remarked. "That's the issue that we have to tackle."

British PM Blair has attempted to ease unionist fears by promising to crack legislation that will make it impossible for anyone to take seats in the Northern Ireland assembly or executive who have been convicted of an offense on an organization that has refused to disband and disarm. It was Blair's handwritten pledge, delivered on the heels of a pro-Yes, U2 rock concert in Belfast last week that is widely regarded as one of the turning points of the entire referendum campaign. But Canada's Gen. John de Chastelain, chairman of the international body charged with overseeing the "decommissioning" of the arms now in the hands of the IRA, and the Protestant paramilitaries, admitted last week that he has yet to receive a single bullet. "We're ready to take arms from anybody who wants to give us them," said de Chastelain. "But it takes two to tango."

Despite the concerns about the future, however, it was, as Blair remarked, "a day of joy" in both Northern Ireland and the republic. For the first time in close to 60 years, the Irish electorate on both sides of the border had voted together. And together they had opened the prospect of momentous change. Given the sordid history of "the troubles," as the Irish euphemistically call the last 30 years of bloodshed, it was reason enough to celebrate. □



REPORT FROM NORTHERN IRELAND

BY BARRY CAFFE

renewal will select six members to the new regional parliament. And that is the principal reason why the margins of the referendum victory was viewed as critical by the supporters of the Good Friday agreement. "We went into this requiring the support of the majority in both the Catholic and Protestant communities," said Trimble, leader of the mainstream Ulster Unionist party, shortly after the referendum's results were announced. "Now we have it."

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WORLD INDONESIA

Out with the old

Student protesters topple a strongman

When the news finally came, hundreds of students occupying Jakarta's sweeping parliament complex wept, hugged and chanted "He's gone, he's gone." They had bravely defied the army, vowing not to leave until Indonesian president Suharto resigned. In the end, the old general gave way. Sudden shouts shook into the television camera, he quickly told his stunned nation that he had decided to step aside after 33 years of troubled rule, and would be replaced immediately by his close friend, vice-president B. J. Habibie. "If there are many mistakes and shortcomings on my part," Suharto said, "I ask the people of Indonesia to forgive me." Then, he turned, saluted and stepped into history leaving behind a back seat country where none the elder of authority.

Millions of Indonesians celebrated the departure of the 70-year-old dictator. Protesters and soldiers embraced. Outside parliament, a mob held aloft a naked baby boy who, barely old enough to talk, raised as innocent fist to the sky as the crowd cheered. "Long live reform!" The 60-year-old Habibie appointed a 30-member reform cabinet that for the first time included members of the opposition. He also outlined a sweeping program to end "corruption, collusion and nepotism." Many Indonesians, however, dismissed the new president as Suharto's puppet. "I still cannot endorse the new government," said Muslim opposition

leader Jusuf Rais, "until I see that the new cabinet is completely free and dedicated to reform."

Suharto's regime began to unravel last fall when—like Thailand and South Korea—the country could no longer pay its foreign debt and its currency collapsed under the \$200-billion loss. The International Monetary Fund came to the rescue with a \$60-billion bailout. In return the government vowed to undertake harsh economic reforms. But the Indonesians rebelled when government subsidies on fuel prices were lowered. And on May 12, when the army killed an rioting student in Jakarta, the army erupted. Riots raged through hundreds of buildings including some belonging to Suharto's family and the country's ethnic Chinese community who control most of the wealth in the archipelago of 200 million.

The protests reached the parliament last week, where students demanded Suharto's resignation. For three days, they dined in the best of tough drama and shivered dread, demanding documents from the very down like candles. As the Indonesian Woodstock began to attract political momentum, they gained the support of legislators and even Suharto's own party. Habibie, a former technology minister—whose greatest asset had been his loyalty to Suharto—emerged as the compromise replacement. But when the students, who also wanted Habibie to resign,

refused to leave, the army moved to back the new president, and soldiers stormed the building. No shots were fired and most of the young protesters fled. "As long as there is corruption," said one defiant student, "our fight will go on."

In fact, few observers believe Habibie will last. The next president, they say, may emerge from a power struggle in the military between Defence Minister Gen. Wiranto, chief of the army, and Suharto's son-in-law Lt. Gen. Prabowo Subianto—both of whom have powerful support in the army. Wiranto is popular with the public because he has professed to believe in reform. Prabowo, by contrast, has been accused by pro-democracy groups of being a hardliner who still supports Suharto.

While international leaders voiced support for the new leader behind the scenes they questioned whether Habibie is capable of implementing stalled IMF reforms. He is known for massive spending on pet projects, including \$2 billion to develop an Indonesian passenger jet. There is no track for such initiatives now. Indonesia's banking sector has collapsed and the rupiah has lost 30 per cent of its value. "It's going to get a lot worse before it gets better," said Ching Yee Chye, head of Asia Pacific research for the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in Singapore. There is also no guarantee the IMF will proceed with its rescue plan—although if it does, it will likely phase the reforms in over time. "Indonesia is a unique case," said Josh Mandelstam, chief economist with the CIBC in Toronto. "They never intended to fully carry through with the reforms in the first place."

The political fight over Suharto's future may also overshadow economic reforms. The opposition wants to hand the former president into court and strip him of his family fortune, which is estimated to be worth about \$23 billion. "He must give up his family wealth," said one 30-year-old student. "Whether he goes to jail will depend on the depth of his sin." Suharto may be out of office, but with the protesters vowing to return, Indonesia's turmoil was far from over.

TOM FENNEL with JOE LEAVY in Jakarta

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WORLD UNITED STATES

Language wars

Spanish speakers fight to overturn bilingual education

With a touch of defiance and no shortage of poise, Alice Callaghan calls her work "young street activism." She has been arrested a dozen times or so (she's last count) protesting the Vietnam War, standing up for illegal immigrants, and defending the rights of homeless people in Los Angeles's most skid row. She is, in short, no one to mess with, something she is proving again with her latest cause: dismantling a controversial educational program that she says keeps poor Spanish-speaking kids trapped in poverty. From a store front community centre in the heart of the city's garment district, Callaghan has squared a movement to do away with California's system of bilingual education. It is the latest hot button issue to confront the voters of the state that so often sets political trends for the rest of the United States. And if the polls are right, they will follow her lead in a ballot next week—and support a measure to eliminate a system once seen as a humanitarian gift to California's fast-growing Latino population.

Callaghan is originally from Calgary, but has been in Los Angeles for 40 years—much of it as an Episcopal priest, working with Spanish-speaking immigrants. At the centre she runs, called Las Familias del Pueblo, dozens of squalling children tear around as they wait for their parents to finish work in the sweatshops nearby. Almost no

one speaks English. Callaghan acknowledges that ending bilingual education—often in California means switching primarily to Spanish—is an unusual cause for her. It allies her with conservatives who are uncomfortable with the rising influence of Spanish-speakers, and puts her against Latino activists who see eliminating bilingual programs as yet another right-wing attack on their community. But for Callaghan, the issue is clear: for parents who came to Los Angeles to work that in America, English is the language of success. They don't want their kids reading fanzines or cleaning offices," she says. "They want something better for them." It was, in fact, Mexican immigrants the teachers who began the current drive against bilingual education.

The debate could have turned ugly. California's recent history has been scorched by bitter controversies over such issues as eliminating social benefits for illegal immigrants (passed in 1994) and doing away with affirmative action for minorities (rejected in 1996). Now, emotions on both sides are rising as Californians prepare to vote on June 3 as a rift of necessities—including Proposition 227, the initiative to end most bilingual education. But the surprise is that the debate has been relatively civil. And for some analysts, an important part of the reason is that California's Latinos are acting less and less like a minority under siege. In some



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WORLD

are—including Los Angeles—they are nearly the majority, and surveys show that most will support Proposition 227. "We were a back-squared minority," says Gregory Rodriguez, a researcher at the Proposition Institute for Public Policy in Malibu. "Today we're a potential majority, and we're starting to feel our power."

In fact, after decades of staying on the margins of American political and economic life, the 36 million Americans of Hispanic background are influential and fashionable as never before. Census projections show that they will surpass blacks as the biggest American minority group by 2035, and will form fully one-fifth of the U.S. population by 2055. Numbers have doubled.

And that \$200-billion purchasing power—up 67 per cent since 1990. Major corporations are pouring money into advertising campaigns aimed at Latinos, fueling a growth in Hispanic advertising agencies there: now 150, up from half a dozen in 1980. New magazines are popping up—such as *People en Español* and *Latina*, a glossy quarterly aimed at young Hispanic women. All across Los Angeles, billboards proclaim that the city's No. 1 TV station for news is Spanish language KOME—fourth of the national three-station network. Berkeley is no good first American where prices more than doubled in the past year.

Politicians, too, have woken to the importance of the Latino vote. The four leading candidates for governor of California last week staged the first-ever statewide debate in Spanish language TV (they debated in English and were simultaneously translated into Spanish). Republicans, especially, are worried that their past support for measures widely seen as anti-Hispanic under Gov. Pete Wilson may doom them among the fastest-growing sector of the electorate. "The trend is obvious and the political danger is real," California Republican strategist Stuart Spencer wrote in a memo to party leaders. The party's response: it named a 27-year-old Latino, Mike Madrid, to its statewide political director.

Hispanic power is making its way into the American mainstream elections are decided—New York, Texas, Florida, Illinois and New Jersey. But nowhere is it more obvious than in California, whose tight over-bilingual education is being watched carefully by politicians and educators nationwide. If Proposition 227 passes, they say, it could provoke similar measures in other parts of the United States. Like many such issues, it is about much more than education—ethnicity, class, culture, and how best to integrate the second-largest set of immigrants in the country into the American mainstream. And it reflects a seismic shift in the ethnic makeup of California.

Statewise, Latinos make up nearly 30 per cent of the population, with blacks at 7 per cent and Asians at 9.1 per cent. But the Latino community is growing faster than the others, fueled by immigration and a high birth rate. Los Angeles County, 80 percent white as recently as the late 1950s, now has no ethnic majority. Hispanics



Housing project in East Los Angeles: second-generation Latinos are moving up like other groups

have long spilled out of traditional barrios. In East Los Angeles, where English signs are as common as in east-end Montreal and billboards for Maxwell House coffee read "These knots is always go!" (Good to the last drop). But, just as important, U.S. born Latinos are moving quickly into the middle class and fleeing the city for the suburbs. A 1996 study by Rodriguez of the Pepperdine Institute showed that half own their own homes and have family incomes over \$50,000. Overall, Latino incomes are still only two-thirds those of whites and just behind those of blacks. But the averages are pulled down by rising in new immigrants with those born in the United States. "We've been led to believe what stereotypes we are," says Rodriguez. "But when you take out the immigrant generation, Latinos are moving up like other groups."

It's not the newly comfortable Latinos, however, who most concern Anne Colapinto. For all the economic gains U.S.-born Hispanics are enjoying, the new immigrants from Mexico and Central America who pour into Southern California still live little but poverty. The men and women who send their children to Los Angeles typically take home only about \$800 for a week's work of sewing clothes in the surrounding factories. Almost all are in the United States illegally, but it

was they who sparked the fight against bilingual education. In 1996, about 90 of them pulled their children out of five nearby Ninth Street Elementary schools because the bilingual program they were in was failing to teach them English. Like most of the 103,000 pupils in California's so-called bilingual schools, they were being taught almost entirely in their native language—in this case, Spanish. The school refused to switch them into English classes, so the parents staged a two-week boycott with Colapinto's help. It drew statewide headlines and forced the school to change. One of the parents, 32-year-old Yvonne Alvarez, Angel, who came to Los Angeles from Mexico 10 years ago, explained through an interpreter that her daughter, Jessica, was leaving the little English she had picked up the longer she stayed in school. "She learns Spanish at home," said Angel. "The important thing is that she has to learn English at school, so she can go on and get a good job."

Their boy, David the strapping of a Silicon Valley entrepreneur



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named Ron Uta, a longtime Republican candidate for governor. He contacted Callaghan and used his own money (about \$200,000) to help start a campaign to do away with bilingual education, which he has called "completely illogical, if not insane." His campaign, dubbed "English for the children," gathered almost half a million signatures to put Proposition 227 on next week's ballot. It would abolish bilingual education, and instead put students with limited English into one year of English immersion before moving them into regular classes.

The irony is that bilingual education was launched in the late 1960s in California as a way of easing children with little or no English into the state's school system. And since 80 per cent of them were Spanish-speaking, it became increasingly recognized with a drive by Latino politicians to boost their language and culture. Today, about 1.4 million students in California's schools, a quarter of the total, speak only limited English—more than any other state. The theory was that they would spend a short time being taught in their native tongue before being moved into the English system.

But as the years dragged by, many children ended up in bilingual programs for most of their school careers—often spending all school day in their native tongue. And many English-speaking students were directed into bilingual classes simply because they had Spanish names. Evidence mounted that even many Latino children born and raised in the United States were graduating unable to compete in English. "Kids are coming out with diplomas that mean nothing," says Henry Gradillas, a former principal of a tough high school in East Los Angeles who is campaigning for Proposition 227. "They're born here and they end up competing for the lowest jobs with new immigrants straight from Mexico."

On the other side, most Latino organizations and teachers unions are shaking their heads in dismay with how disastrous multilingual Spanish-speaking children into an all-English environment before they are ready. Bilingual education, they say, is being scapegoated for the failures of California's much-criticized public school system. And Uta's Proposition 227 is a blunt instrument that will force all school boards to adopt the same solution instead of tailoring programs to local conditions. "It's throwing the baby out with the bathwater," says Antonio Villarreal, the 45-year-old speaker of the California Legislature and the state's highest-ranking Hispanic official. "It's another way to use that device and poison people."

Villarreal himself is a prime example of how California's Latinos are leveraging their newfound influence. Until recently, their increasing numbers were not reflected at the polls. Many Hispanic immigrants did not become U.S. citizens, but the national campaign to deny benefits to illegal immigrants and end affirmative action polarized them. They felt under attack, and defended their selves by taking out citizenship and registering to vote. More His-

panics were elected to office, and the most successful ones, such as Villarreal, are reaching beyond ethnic politics. He started out as a poor kid in East L.A., with an abusive father who left the family when Antonio was 15; he had "born to raise hell" attitudes as his right arm, and at 20 he was recruited as an assassin charge. Now, the father is long gone. "My son started to make it, so I tried to make it. And yes, it was painful," Villarreal said in an interview. He calls himself "a politician who happens to be Latino, not a Latino politician. You can't be ethnicized any more. In the California of the future there will be no majority. You have to be a coalition-builder."

Others who have made the difficult journey out of the barrio with the help of bilingual education are personally opposed to abolishing it. "Ultimately, the children will be harmed," says Antonio Hernandez, a lawyer and president of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund.

Hernandez, who grew up speaking Spanish at home, today serves on a host of distinguished boards of directors and is among the new Latino professional class that is helping to reshape California. She does not want today's kids to go back to the hardship she experienced, growing up in East Los Angeles as the daughter of working-class Mexicans on a farm. She met her first Hispanic teacher in Grade 4. "I made it up to the [flag lab-only] system. I didn't really learn to think in English until law school. Before that I used to translate everything into Spanish and back into English," she recalls. "Most of the kids that didn't make it. I don't count me."

These days, though, her views are increasingly under attack—even among Hispanics. Eduardo Zapata lives only six kilometres from his boyhood home in East Los Angeles, but it might as well be another country. Now a neurosurgeon in an upper-middle-class neighborhood of Pasadena, just north of Los Angeles, he sits on the boards of two major business groups, the Times Mirror Co. and Southern California Edison, and is a trustee of the University of Southern California.

Unlike many Latinos today, Zapata grew up speaking English at home. He learned Spanish later, to understand his many Spanish-speaking patients, and confesses to speaking it poorly. His wife, Norma Murray, is an Anglo, and none of his four children speaks Spanish. Zapata takes pride in the success of Hispanics, but has little time for nationalistic arguments. He supports doing away with ethnic preferences in universities and does not support bilingual education. Latino children, Zapata argues, "are living here. They will have to compete in English. Spanish should be kept alive at home." That kind of assimilationist thinking may not please Hispanic leaders more concerned with culture than economics. But these days, it's the rapidly rising anger among Latinos determined to seize control of their future.

Wife ANNE GREGORY in Los Angeles

'They don't want their kids selling tamales'



Callaghan with immigrant children: English is the language of success

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MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER OF THE ENVIRONMENT



In my first year as Environment Minister, I have learned that one of the most important elements of effective environmental action is community and individual involvement. Whether the challenge is climate change or establishing a local stream bed, we won't be successful without engaging citizens in our homes, neighborhoods, businesses and communities.

Environment Week, May 31 to June 6, is the perfect time to make a new environmental commitment for the coming year: Tree planting in a local park or school yard, encouraging co-workers to cycle or walk to work, or reducing our use of lawn and garden pesticides will all help contribute to cleaner air and water, limit climate change and leave a legacy of a healthier natural environment.

By working together, we can make our impact on creating healthy environments even greater. There are groups in communities across Canada that help organize these and many other activities and their work is to be commended.

Canada is fortunate to have many people and organizations who feel passionately committed to the environment. Because of their accomplishments, I feel optimistic we can continue to make progress toward cleaner air, cleaner water, the protection of nature, and the reduction of climate change impacts.

As we celebrate Environment Week, I would like to thank all those who have given time and energy to help the environment and ask that you not only continue your efforts, but spread the word about how individuals and communities can help create a cleaner and healthier planet.

Why not make a commitment to a healthy environment your millennium project — a natural legacy for our children and grandchildren?

The Honourable Christine S. Stewart

What can I do?

Global and domestic issues like climate change, air and water pollution and the loss of habitat for endangered species are important to Canadians. We know that unless we solve these problems it will adversely affect our environment and our health.

While it is true that solving these problems will require action at the national and international levels, there's also a lot that ordinary people and communities can do. Each and every one of us has the power to take actions — large and small — that will make a difference in our community and for our environment. At work, at home, in our communities and through international organizations, there are opportunities to do good work. The trick is to recognize these opportunities when they present themselves, and seek them out when they do not.

Take the example of climate change, which scientists predict will have an enormous impact on all of Canada's ecosystems and all of our lives. Climate change is a complex, global problem. But at the same time, it's estimated that we as individuals have control over 25 per cent of our country's emissions of the greenhouse gases that are linked to climate change. So by taking action in our homes and communities — winterizing our houses, planting trees and buying more energy-efficient cars, appliances and even lightbulbs, using the car less and more efficiently — we can minimize the emissions that lead to climate change.



Ecology Camp for Kids

Photo: Margaret Elliott

Work with your community

Many communities have also launched initiatives that promote energy efficiency and transportation alternatives. For example, in Whitehorse, the Grey Mountain Lions Club organized the development of a 10-km trail linking the suburbs and the city centre. More than 200 volunteers, including army cadets from across Canada, contributed 1,200 hours of work to construct the trail, which is maintained by the City of Whitehorse. Now residents can safely travel by snowshoe or ski in the winter and by bicycle, in-line skates or on foot in the summer.

Start your own project

If there is no community initiative in your area, or you spot a grand opportunity, you can always start your own project. Three years ago, Canada Post employees Allison Rogers and Rob Turcotte made a simple bet to see who could ride their bikes to work more often that summer. Over the winning lunch they talked about including other employees in their next challenge.

The next summer, 91 fellow employees started walking, running, biking or in-line skating to work. Last summer, the CPC Commuting Challenge was extended from four months to six months, with 108 people participating. "People don't think they have time to commute by bike or foot. I just say, 'Try it once,'" Rogers says. Not only is the project good for participants' health, so far it's prevented the emission of over 33,000 kg of vehicle exhaust that would have contributed to climate change.

In Boisbriand, Quebec, the then director of public works, Camille Caouvil, decided to create a special zone in a nature park, with walkways and observation lookouts. Set on the banks of the Mile-les-Rivers, the Boisbriand nature centre encompasses three ecosystems and contains many different species of birds, amphibians and vegetation. About 14,000 people now visit the nature centre every year.

Or make a few simple changes

Not everyone has the time or energy to organize a community project, but there are simple changes you can make around your home that will help. Every composter that is successfully turning kitchen scraps into organic soil enhancer is helping to reduce the impact of climate change. Organic waste produces less of the greenhouse gas methane if it is properly composted than it would if it was dumped in a landfill.

Share your knowledge

If you want to reduce the amount of waste going to your local landfill but you are already composting everything you can at home, the next thing to do is talk to your neighbors. Many environmental citizens have become experts at organizing workshops, setting up mail displays, appearing on local radio shows and developing their own newsletters and websites.

Young people can help too

Many individuals and organizations have taken the time to develop environmental programs for our



Canada Post Challenge

Photo: Kay Gaudin

schools and donated countless hours to make sure that the next generation of Canadians has the information they need to make good choices for our environment.

Melanie Elliott of the University of Saskatchewan has been running the Summer Ecology Day Camp for Kids since 1993. The camp operates all summer long and each year gives about 200 children from 8 to 14 the opportunity to learn about nature, biodiversity and ecological relationships. Each day, the children go to different natural areas around Saskatoon, combining outdoor experience with lab work and discussions.

At Newport Station District Elementary School in Newport, N.S., students are developing their own biodiversity trail. The students have already identified more than 70 different species of trees and plants along the 1.5 km trail and have helped create an interpretive centre in the school. Children from other schools are now visiting to experience the diversity of one of the



DIOS

province's richest ecosystems.

Given a good environmental education, young people can make important contributions to community efforts. Two youth groups dedicated to social justice and environmental issues — The West Coast Environmental Youth Alliance and LifeCycles — received several awards for their biodiversity projects. One very successful project is DIOS — Doing It Green and Sustainably. Twenty young people took responsibility for four sites around Victoria, restoring them to their proper natural state and developing community gardens based on environmentally sound principles of urban agriculture.

Get help from corporations

Of course, Canada's corporate citizens are required to obey environmental laws and regulations. But many have gone much further, studying the environmental impacts of their products and operations and improving their environmental performance. Some have gone a step further, reaching out to customers and the community.

For example, through the Canada Trust Friends of the Environment Foundation Community Fund, more than 6,400 local projects have received more than \$10 million. A typical project is the clean-up of the Quiver Nature Reserve. For years, people had been dumping waste materials near the entrance. With support from the fund, the Halton/North York Naturalist Club and other concerned citizens spent a weekend working together to remove old tires and other debris, sorting the rubbish and sending it for safe disposal. ■

WANT TO FIND OUT MORE?

These are only a few of the many success stories from Canadian communities. Environmental leaders are emerging everywhere — from union halls, schools, sports teams, corporations, seniors organizations and local naturalists groups — and rallying their troops to improve our environment.

For more information on the recognition network and the success stories, call 1-800-668-6767.

For information on Environment Canada's community funding program, please call our regional office nearest you.

Atlantic: 1-800-663-5755
Quebec: 1-800-463-4311
Ontario: 1-800-661-7785
Manitoba and Saskatchewan: 1-800-665-7135
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Pacific and Yukon: 1-800-667-7779

Or visit our website at
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World NOTES

A NEW CLINTON SCANDAL

The White House rushed into another round of damage control after Republicans questioned whether U.S. technology exports to China were linked to contributions to Bill Clinton's 1996 election campaign. A Senate task force will probe whether illicit campaign contributions eased the deal to launch a commercial satellite from China. Meanwhile, a federal district judge said that Senate Senate export rules are compiled to floutably about Clinton's relationship with former White House senior Monica Lewinsky.

ON STRIKE IN RUSSIA

Two of thousands of Russian coal miners stopped up their two-week-long strike in an effort to get wages that are up to six months overdue. Miners blocked train routes across Siberia, and labor unrest spread to Moscow where students and teachers demonstrated against education conditions.

RIYADH LETS NURSES GO

Two British nurses convicted of murder in Saudi Arabia two years ago returned to London after King Fahd pardoned their sentences. The women, who spent 18 months in jail, have reportedly sold tabloid newspapers their version of the murder of an Australian colleague and their ensuing ordeal.

ART HEIST IN ROMÉ

Three armed men fled after hours in Rome's National Gallery of Modern Art, took up-guards and stole three impressionist masterpieces valued at more than \$44 million. The paintings—a Cézanne landscape and two tree works by van Gogh—would be impossible to sell on the open market and were presumed to be carried by a collector or stolen in order to launch a collector.

NOT RUNNING

Controversial Washington Mayor Marion Barry, 62, said he would not seek a fifth year in office. The popular politician served six months in jail for possession of crack cocaine in 1990, but was later re-elected.

CHRETIEN IN EUROPE

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien returned to Ottawa after a five-day trip related to Italy. Earlier, Chrétien visited Canadian peacekeepers in the former Yugoslavia, where he announced a 12-month extension to their mission.



A wounded student leaves the scene; boxer turned to anger

Rampage at school

It happened again last week. In the fourth shooting rampage in United States schools since last October, a 15-year-old boy opened fire in Springfield, Ore., high school cafeteria, killing two teenagers and wounding 26 others. Officials said that if a 17-year-old student on the wrestling team—despite a bullet that pierced his right knee—had not tackled the heavily armed teen, the toll would have been much

plivise devices in the family home.

As a soldier Kinko appeared in court, dressed in his violent attire, charged. Rachel Dawson, 15, said Kinko "was always bragging about making pipe bombs and shooting little kids." Witnesses at the scene said he wore a black expression as he fired his rifle, and when played to the ground by other students said: "Just shoot me now."

NUCLEAR TENSION

Tension rises with Pakistan

India and Pakistan exchanged threats that could lead to nuclear war. In the wake of New Delhi's recent underground test explosion of its nuclear devices, India and Pakistan

have fought two wars over the disputed territory in the Himalayas—and experts fear new skirmishes could fuel tensions between them. In fact, the new nuclear-fuel Indian prime minister, Atal Behari Vajpayee, warned Pakistan that the tests were a "clear warning" to Pakistan to withdraw its nuclear weapons. Meanwhile, Indian scientists announced the country now make a 200-kiloton

nuclear bomb—more than 10 times the size of the one dropped on Hiroshima—in an effort to persuade Pakistan to hold off detonating its first nuclear device. Ottawa offered the \$14 million in peace-keeping costs to the United Nations. While the United Nations, meanwhile, was reportedly negotiating a key defense pact with the Pakistani government as an incentive.

Farewell to 'Ol' Blue Eyes'

Sentimental tributes flowed for "Sentimental Jell" Frank Sinatra at the celebrity funeral of the popular singer, who died of a heart attack on May 14 at age 82. Tributes included singer Bruce Lawrence and comedians Don Rickles and Lucille. Sinatra was married to Barbara when she was 21. Gregory Peck read a poem

to Sinatra's fourth wife and widow, Barbara. The 600 invitation-only mourners resided a Beverly Hills, Calif., church also included Milton Berle, Jaye Paskin, Tony Curtis and Taryn Terrell. "They became my eyes, but he was the same," Bob Depp has said to wife, Julianne.

Sinatra's widow receives a best of celebrity tributes



Microsoft's darkest hour

Rivals cheer an antitrust case against the software giant

BY JOHN SCHOFIELD

The rain is clearly brightening. Investing on antitrust, he lowers his voice and lets loose a stream of criticism. As one of Canada's largest sellers of desktop computers, he rubs against the "monopoly power" of Microsoft Corp., producer of the Windows operating system that runs 95 per cent of the world's personal computers. "They totally control the market—totally," he says. The Seattle-based software giant, he fears, is changing smaller PC makers at most twice as much for the latest update of its operating system, Windows 95, as their much larger U.S. rivals. And for the first time, he claims, computer manufacturers are being forced to pay for bulk orders of Windows up front, rather than earning over a royalty for every PC sold. Still, "there's no way a Canadian company would dare compete," he says. "They're too afraid. It's like telling us a bull by when you go for his house every day."

Such griping is as much a part of the \$1-trillion computer industry as keyboards and microchips. For years, computer makers and rival software developers have both denounced and tolerated the Microsoft empire. Despite praise and popularity on its billion-dollar founder, Bill Gates, so when U.S. authorities launched an antitrust suit on the computer colossus last week, a clear but subdued chorus of cheers was audible throughout the high-tech world. It may take years before consumers see any fallout from the battle, but, in the meantime, Microsoft's corporate customers and rivals will be watching closely, anxious to find out if the biggest guy on the block will act in consequence.

The case already reverberates the most serious blow to Microsoft since its inception in 1975. In court documents filed last week, U.S. officials accused the company of adding new features to Windows in a bid to gain control of the market for software such as Internet browsers, which are used for new information on the World Wide Web. The two lawsuits—one launched by the U.S. justice department, the other by attorneys general for 39 states—also target other tactics Microsoft allegedly uses to dominate the market. Late in the week, federal Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson combined the lawsuits into one and scheduled the trial for Sept. 8. He ordered Microsoft to respond to the charges by July 28, rejecting the seven-month delay the company had sought. In perhaps the most startling allegation, the federal government charged that Microsoft attempted to induce rival Netscape Communications Corp. of Mountain View, Calif., to divide the Internet browser market. Microsoft denied the allegation and vowed to fight all the charges. "We believe that the allegations in these lawsuits are without merit," Gates said in a telephone advertisement in major U.S. newspapers. "And the allegation, if it were to succeed, would hurt consumers and high-tech companies everywhere."

The biggest loser could be Microsoft itself. Although the



Gates: the tech industry's chairman is under fire

company itself expects to launch Windows 95 on June 25 as planned, the justice department is seeking an injunction that would force Microsoft to separate the browser, Internet Explorer, from its other future versions of Windows. Alternatively, Microsoft might be forced to bundle its archrival's product, Netscape Navigator, with every copy of Windows—a step Gates himself is including three out of four of people with every copy of Code.

A government victory in the lawsuit would force Microsoft to eliminate pricing schemes that allegedly force computer makers to take the company's other products along with Windows. Gates, too, would be constrained that regulators can prevent some Internet-access providers from promoting competing software. Microsoft could also lose some of its control over the Windows startup screen, giving computer makers the right to customize the screen or replace it with their own. In the worst-case scenario for Microsoft, vigorous regulators could eventually push to break up the software giant into competing units, although that prospect seems remote.

So far, Canada is staying clear of the case. Although the U.S. case, part of the federal Competition Bureau type

WHAT'S NEW WITH WINDOWS

The latest version of Microsoft's popular operating system, Windows 95, offers several new features.



cally keeps its investigations under wraps unless and until they result in formal action. International Trade Minister Sergio Marchi said the government has not discussed the case, although "we're obviously not our eyes on it."

Canadian companies watch the battle with mixed emotions. Ottawa-based Corel Corp., whose WordPerfect office software runs a distant second to Microsoft's products in market share, applauded efforts by Washington and the states to promote fair competition. "A monopolist should not be allowed to leverage its way to dominance in a related market," said Paul Skiffins, general manager of Corel's Open, Utah-based WordPerfect division. "This is not about our group. It is about ensuring that high-technology companies have the opportunity to compete fairly."

Ironically, Canadian software systems—including Corel—owe much of their success to Windows' status as the de facto standard for operating systems. In the late 1980s, software developers were forced to design products for several competing operating systems from such companies as IBM and Digital Research. That added greatly to their costs and made it impossible to predict which products would prove most popular with customers.

Industry veteran Mark Skenderius loudly admits the debt he owes Gates. In the early 1990s, Skenderius's Toronto-based firm, Decima Corp., struck it rich on the strength of its Windows-based WinFax faxing software. "Without Microsoft, could come back to local developers," he says. "When we make software today," says Skenderius, now the CEO at Belsouth Technologies Inc., Toronto-based designer of Internet software for Windows, "the number of users out there is greater than it ever was because Microsoft has created such a huge marketplace."

But Microsoft's rise was double-edged sword. The company's left hand is to the concern of smaller players, says Mark Duest, president of Marlham, Ont.-based PC maker Patriot Computer Corp. Duest says he has already spent \$1 million on a marketing campaign for computers that incorporate Windows 95—money that could be wasted if regulators force changes or delay the release. He questions why Skenderius did not see the need to make such a switch. "They don't realize it's not just them taking the risk. It's us, too."

Small software producers are particularly vulnerable to Gates's competitive drive. As one of the world's most profitable companies—its cash reserves now exceed \$14 billion—Microsoft can easily afford to buy up and control competitors. Successful software startups also face the threat that Microsoft will decide to take them on. Decima Corp., now owned by California-based Synetec Corp., suffered that fate in 1995 when Microsoft added faxing capability to Windows 95. WinFax subsequently patented Microsoft's critics characterize the practice as a form of predatory pricing.

Gates calls it innovation, and argues that customers demand the convenience that new features provide. The company points out that its competitors, including Netscape, are not allowed offering free software to gain market share. As for complaints about its pricing policies, Microsoft says that, like many other companies, it charges high volume buyers lower rates, but sales prices of its products are confidential. When all is said and done, says Gates, a company's right to design products as it sees fit must remain sacred. A U.S. Appeals Court seemed to back that stand last month when it ruled that a lower court's order requiring Microsoft to offer Internet Explorer separately even Windows 95 that run by its Windows 95. Justice and juries should not be put in the uncomfortable position of disrupting companies," the court said. The decision almost certainly emboldened Microsoft to go head-to-head with the government in its current battle.

That could prove a costly mistake. Some industry watchers say Microsoft has underestimated the power of its opponents and the degree to which a protracted battle would sap the resources of the software juggernaut. The U.S. government's struggle with AT&T in the 1970s eventually shattered the telecommunications giant into seven separate companies. A 13-year software battle with IBM failed in the early 1980s, but not before Big Blue—suspicious to avoid the wrath of regulators—agreed to publish technical specifications that helped spawn the creation of rivals such as Compaq Computer Corp. of Boston. If Microsoft is not careful, it could pay a similarly high price. As the case proceeds, many of its rivals and business partners will be looking on, discreetly applauding the giant's misfortune. □

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Luck and great timing

In the end, Peter Munk gets the last laugh. The price of gold is hovering near its lowest level in decades, yet Munk's Toronto-based Barrick Gold Corp. has sales contracts that guarantee it \$600 (U.S.) an ounce—\$100 above the going rate—for 10 million ounces. And while other players are scrambling to position themselves in the sinking North American commercial real estate business, Munk is beefing the assets of Trinch-Falcon Corp., which he created through the merger of Trone Inc. and McMillan Corp. in 1996.

At 70, Munk is once again demonstrating the discipline and market timing that have contributed to his success. He is throwing himself into the daily operation of his two core companies and handing the reins to a carefully groomed team of managers. In early May, former oil executive Paul Melnick was appointed CEO of Barrick Gold. And in 1994, Greg Wilkins became president and head of Trinch-Falcon. Says Munk: "In both cases, I'm dealing with people in whom I have absolute and total trust. It would have been impossible for me to do it unless I had total confidence."

Confidence and trust are important to Munk. He has fought hard to win both from the Canadian investment community as well as from his peers. Despite his wealth and his philanthropy—last year he doled out \$12.4 million to a variety of causes—he has long been an outsider to Canada's corporate establishment. Certainly his countryman, his trademark teddy hat and his first Hungarian accent are him in a sport in the rough-and-tumble money sector.

Of his many business accomplishments, Munk says that Barrick Gold has given him the most satisfaction in recent years. "I started from a difficult position," he concedes. "I didn't have the credibility when I started Barrick that I brought to Trinch-Falcon."

When Munk started Barrick in 1983, he was a man with a past. In the early 1970s, his first publicly traded business, ski-ski-maker Clarstone Sound Corp., collapsed in debt and scandal. Critics alleged that Munk and his partner had withheld information from other shareholders while salvaging their own investment in Clarstone. A decade ago,

Munk would become agitated and defensive whenever Clarstone was mentioned. But today, with the confidence of the redeemed, he dismisses the subject as history.

Munk is also sufficiently confident these days to acknowledge that luck has played a significant role in his business life. In 1986, Barrick was among the companies fighting for control of the X-Miners' Banning gold strike in Idaho. Munk even wheeled out the big guns of Barrick's international advisory board—former prime minister Brian Mulroney and former president George Bush—to lobby Indonesia's then president Suharto on the company's behalf.

In the spring of 1997, when the winning bidder, New Orleans-based Freeport McMoan Inc., began testing the site, Banning was reclassified as a failed Munk effort. Barrick's failure was a stroke of luck. "I praise my Lord that I didn't succeed. Sometimes luck is more important than talent," he says. Referring to the political turmoil that prompted Suharto's resignation last week, he adds, "Indonesia, as a country, I don't know if I would like to have a couple of billion dollars invested there right now. I'd feel uneasy."

So where would Munk invest in these turbulent times? Despite a recent emphasis on metals with Scotia's Anglo-American Gold Co., Munk is focusing on Latin America, even though Barrick recently began phasing out two higher-cost mines in Chile.

As he steps aside from his former operating duties, Munk says his new role in Barrick and Trone will be that of a consultant rather than a manager. "In my mind, I represent the public whose trust is not entitled me to raise the money," he notes.

The recurring theme of trust and congenial values has also dictated Munk's choice of successors. Like Munk, who was initially dismissed by Canada's old-boy mining circles as a dilettante, neither Barrick's Melnick nor Trinch-Falcon's Wilkins have much experience in the sectors where they now run leading companies. "It's a multi-billion-dollar business, you'd never want to rely on a young man judgment when it comes to specifics anyway," Munk says. "You need to hire the experts." And yes, also need a little luck.

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Business NOTES

BLACK EMPIRE GROWS

Conrad Black strengthened his hold over the Canadian newspaper industry by purchasing two dailies and several weekly papers from Thomson Corp., owner of the *Globe and Mail*. The deal drew fire from critics of media concentration and from the publisher of the *Toronto Star*, John Henderich, who said his company was denied a chance to bid on the papers. Black's companies now control 61 of Canada's 100 dailies.

SEAGRAM'S NEW BEAT

Montreal-based Seagram Co. Ltd. signed a \$18-billion agreement to buy PolyGram NV, the world's largest music company. To help pay for the acquisition, Seagram plans to sell its Tropitone juice business in a public stock offering. "These announcements herald an important transformation of Seagram," said CEO Edgar Bronfman Jr., whose grandfather founded the famed liquor company.

PHILIP VOWS ACTION

Former stock market darling Philip Services Corp. is considering legal action against the people responsible for allegations of insider trading. "This is not going to be resolved under the rug," said president Felix Parada. The Hamilton-based company commissioned a forensic audit in March to identify those responsible for \$176 million in trading losses. Parada took over as president in May, replacing founding president Allen Passas.

VIAGRA PRICE WAR

U.S. retailers launched a price war to lure customers seeking the new anti-impotence pill Viagra. The prescription drug normally sells for about \$18 (U.S.) per tablet, but both Kmart Corp. and Wal-Mart Stores were advertising the pills for less than \$10 (U.S.). The popular pill has not yet been approved for sale in Canada, although some Canadian men have been crossing the border to get prescriptions filled.

PROFITS DIP SLIGHTLY

The combined operating profits of Canadian companies fell six per cent in the first quarter of the year to \$27.3 billion from a record \$29 billion in the previous quarter, Statistics Canada said. The major reasons for the decline were low prices for crude oil and high property insurance claims after the January ice storms in eastern Canada.

A new phone giant takes shape

A long-awaited showdown in the local telephone market moved closer to reality with the \$2-billion purchase by Calgary's MicroNet Communications Corp. of Rogers Telecom, formerly part of Telus. Rogers is the corporate arm of the national competitor to the Bell Canada alliance of regional phone companies whose century-old monopoly on local service ended on Jan. 1.

Since its founding in 1995, MicroNet has moved quickly to build its own phone and data networks for business customers. Buying Rogers Telecom gives it 3,300 km of fibre-optic cable linking 1,200 office buildings and condominium projects from Vancouver to Montreal.



Young (left) and Rogers: a showdown looms

The MicroNet sale was one of several changes announced by Rogers in advance of the company's annual meeting this week. The company also unveiled a new prepaid cellular phone plan and said it had removed the president of its underperforming cable TV division, less than a year after his hiring.

"This alone was a very, very cork," said MicroNet president Craig Young. For Rogers Communications Inc., the sale raises a cash infusion of \$800 million, which will be used to pay down the company's \$5.6-billion debt. Rogers also anticipates a 35-per-cent narrowing stake in MicroNet and two positions on its newly expanded 11-seat board of directors.

Bleepers on the blink

A sizeable glitch affected 90 per cent of the papers in the United States, creating headaches for 40 million Americans. The problem resulted from a computer crash aboard Galaxy 4, a \$200-million satellite operated by Hughes Corp. of Greenwich, Conn. By week's end, PacificNet had provided traffic to another satellite and restored service to most paying customers. Pages in Canada were

unaffected. The U.S. Federal Communications Commission said it would look into what went wrong. The breakdown, which also knocked out some television and radio signals, wreaked havoc on Americans from every walk of life, including doctors, firefighters and business people. Even paper-dependent drug dealers managed to find an alternative. "This is about the only positive thing I can think of so far that's come out of this," said Los Angeles police Lt. Anthony Albia.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

As the financial crisis in Asia highly volatile and could soon spread to other parts of the world "with unexpectedly large negative effects," the chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board says. Alan Greenspan told a congressional committee that Asia's effects on the U.S. economy are "only now just being felt." Meanwhile, concerns about the possible impact of the crisis has continued. Greenspan and his colleagues are to raise interest rates.

In Canada, residential construction will likely see by 6.3 per cent in 1998 and 3.4 per cent in 1999, Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. says. Total housing starts should reach 156,300 units this year and 161,500 next year. The agency says housing will probably be less affordable, with higher mortgage rates and house prices.

RETAIL SALES

Month-to-month percentage change excluding motor vehicles



"The FOMC's 4.25-per-cent unemployment rate and the discount upward trend in wages are typical inflationary warning signs. The labor pool has been depleted to this point where many businesses have started to lay off workers, cut back on new hires and raise prices to fill their staffing requirements." —Nelson Burns

"Prospects for healthy growth in consumer spending for the remainder of the year remain bright." —TD Bank



Peter C. Newman

Celebrating success—very, very privately

Success has become a noisy affair, with public relations types working across television, halls of fame vying for candidates and everyone wanting a piece of the individual selected for attention. But there is success at a different kind. It flows from a long day's journey into night, from the daily stewardship of doing one's job and duty, quietly and well.

Last week, such an individual—John Tory, the surrogate CEO of Canada's largest multinational, Thomson Corp.—retired after 43 years of guiding the firm's business from manager of a minor daily newspaper to Ontario newspaper to a global media empire with a market capitalization of \$27 billion.

Setting down to write this tribute—and I know him as well as any journalist—I realize, not how well-facing he really was. There is not that much to say about Tory, except to analyze the results of his remarkable tenure. Still, it's an occasion worth marking.

A lawyer (and founding partner of Toronto's Tory, Tory, Deslauriers & Berntsen), Tory joined the Thomson family firm when Ken's father, Roy, was still in charge and before his North Sea restaurant struck oil and ended the enterprise with astronomical cash flows. The relationship between Tory, now 68, who carried the title of deputy chairman of Thomson Corp., and Ken Thomson, its controlling shareholder, has always been shrouded in mystery. Their secluded offices divided the 29th floor of the Thomson Building in downtown Toronto—the elevators stopped on the 34th floor, with only voicemail for visitors allowed up the extra floor.

Young Ken, as he's known, even though he recently turned 35, has never made a secret of the fact that he prefers collecting art to collecting businesses. That meant he needed a superb chief operating officer to do most of the work. Almost everything that happened during his stewardship originated from Tory's crowded desk, and anything that went wrong felt the weight of his advice and admonitions. Under their joint leadership, the Thomson company expanded its reach and revenues to \$725 million, when Ken took over in 1976, to \$12.4 billion last year.

Owning 73 per cent of the shares in his company, Thomson has enjoyed the advantages of being able to act as a proprietor, so that he and Tory could wear out markets and not worry about meeting quarterly requirements. At one point, when they acquired in 1979 of the Hudson's Bay Co., the stock value didn't climb high, so their original purchase price far more than a decade. At first, the stores were so badly organized that merchandise was strewn all over the aisles. "There's a Bay paper coming in this afternoon to see our new line," a Toronto sales manager of a fashion supply house told his staff at the time. "Let's lay it out on the floor so

she'll know what it will look like when it gets into the stores." Despite these and other serious problems, there was an insight of liquidating the investment. "We never have to keep looking over our shoulders," Tory once told me. "Even when we make major acquisitions that have an initially negative impact on our profitability, in the longer term we'll have a broader base on which to grow. It's really that simple." By 1980 the Bay was back in the black, with profits of \$121 million—up 250 per cent from the year before. Tory was the most successful of that turnaround.

Tory's real function is the Thomson hierarchy was a source of constant conjecture, both within and without the organization. I interviewed him many times over the years, mostly off the record, but even then he said very little about his true function. "I'm a professional and I never worry about my image," Tory told me. "As a businessperson you can have too high a profile and there's no upside to that whatsoever."

It is too easy to speculate that Tory was the brains behind Ken Thomson, because Thomson is smarter than that. Still, as president of the family's private holding companies—quite apart from his dominant role in the operating company—Tory exercised enormous influence, and will continue to advise the family. He served as a kind of secretary general of the multibillion-dollar corporate confederacy, prodding, solving, appointing, accepting, rejecting, troubleshooting, reminding the boss things—but never quite making the ultimate decision by himself.

He is not an easy man to know. He has no social skills, loves to game business clients instead of poses, and would quite happily work 16-hour days. When a friend once asked him to go sailing, he discovered he didn't own a suitable short-sleeved shirt. The centre of his life was, and is, his family—four superb bright children, none of them, John, is president of the publishing company that owns this magazine and 15 grand children. He plays a mean after five he grows on a barbershop piano and children's bridge, but his most enjoyable hobby is he sitting up with his wife, Liz, Toronto's shrewdest and wisest social scientist.

Of Ken Thomson's well-known shyness, Tory would only say: "It's an idiosyncrasy. It's just very difficult for Ken to put his hand in his pocket and spend money. Yet, he's extremely kind and generous. When we're rushing to a meeting and we're late, if he sees a blind man, he'll stop and he'll him cross the street."

Ken Thomson doesn't just admire Tory; he worships the man. "If you take the best qualities of the best people in all the different fields of business and roll them into one—that's John Tory," he said. Even when I asked him about John. "It's the sheer pleasure for him to work so it is for me to collect paintings. Above all, he's got a great wit and family and good friends. They have fun together."

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Graduation day: a new federal grant program promises to make university more affordable

A lesson worth learning

Registered education savings plans have been around for more than two decades, but only now are Canadian families paying them much attention. The reason is simple: in this year's federal budget, Ottawa promised matching grants equal to 80 per cent of the first \$2,000 contributed annually to a RESP, to a maximum of \$400 a year per child.

The lure of a guaranteed 80-per-cent return in the first year, combined with the fact that earnings on these contributions are allowed to grow tax-free for the life of the plan, have made RESPs one of this year's hottest financial products. "Right now, the RESP market is rather small, worth about \$2 billion in total," says Ed Leachman, a Bank of Montreal vice-president. "But with the recent changes, we expect it to grow exponentially."

One result of the increased interest is an explosion in the number of financial institutions that offer RESPs. Until recently, the field was limited to about two dozen specialized investment firms and credit unions. Suddenly, all of the big banks are scrambling to get in on the action, along with a growing list of other companies. At the Bank of Montreal, for example, parents who open a RESP can choose one of four diversified mutual-fund portfolios composed of Canadian and foreign stocks, bonds and fixed-income securities. The maximum contribution is \$100 per month or a lump sum of \$1,000.

Human Resources Development Canada, the federal department that is administering the grant program, has opened a toll-free hotline for people who are seeking information about RESPs. The number is 1-888-276-3684.

Exchange's Dow Jones industrial average in 1890 would have been worth \$179.74 by the end of 1996. But if that same dollar had been invested only in September of each year, it would be worth only 26 cents.

"Historically, stock investors would have been better off in hard cash, which earns nothing, than in the stock market during the crash of September," says Jeremy Siegel, a professor of finance at the Wharton School of Business in Philadelphia.

Siegel, who analyzes craftily stock price fluctuations in his book *Stocks for the Long Run*, speculates that the poor returns as September may be related to investor psychology—in particular, the approach of winter and the "depressing effect of rapidly shortening days." A chilly thought, indeed.

Money Talks

Bull on the run

The current bull market in U.S. stocks is the longest and strongest ever, says economist Sherry Cooper of Toronto-based Nesbitt Burns Inc. Since December, 1987, the Dow Jones industrial average has soared 419 per cent. The only other period that comes close in terms of increase was the 1924-to-1929 bull market, during which the Dow rose 332 per cent. Since the Great Depression, there have been seven U.S. bull markets, Cooper says. All except the current one lasted less than five years. Canadian stock markets tend to rise and fall in step with U.S. markets.

Happy shoppers

Consumer confidence rose during the first three months of 1998, a Conference Board of Canada survey suggests. The Ottawa-based think-tank attributed the increase to growing optimism about the labor market. In a poll conducted for the board, 27 per cent of respondents said they expect the number of Canadian jobs to rise over the next six months. Only 20 per cent felt that way during the last quarter of 1997.

Fund assets soar

The number of mutual fund accounts in Canada increased 34 per cent in the past year, reaching 38.2 million in April, the Investment Funds Institute of Canada says. Over the same period, the total value of those accounts rose 57 per cent to \$523 billion. In April, the industry recorded net new sales of \$3.1 billion, a record for the month. Although stock-based funds continue to dominate, there has been strong growth recently in sales of balanced, bond and dividend funds, reflecting uncertainty over the future direction of stock prices.

Mutual fund assets, in billions



Source: Investment Funds Institute of Canada



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The goof with the rubber face gets serious (sort of) in a smart new movie for grown-ups

THE JIM CARRÉY SHOW

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

For a while, it was easy to dismiss Jim Carrey. Sure, he became the first actor to crash the \$20-million (U.S.) bracket for a single movie. And, yes, his work reeked up more than half a billion dollars at the box office in just three years. But it was hot stuff, right? He was the brook with the rubber face, not an act so much as a human special effect. He was the sophisticated goof who made his butt cheeks do the talking in *Ace Ventura*, *Not Another Teen Movie*. The farcical brawler who wailed *Somebody's Got to Do It*. The *Cable Guy* as if he were banging away with his vocal chords. We had Jim Carrey. Spoken out. He was Mr. Razzle-dick Superstar—as Gen-X Jerry Lewis, Dick Van Dyke on acid, Robin Williams with less body hair... But wait a minute: Carrey has made serious movie. Well, not *seriously* serious, but a movie for grown ups. The comedian who has been blessed for the dawning dawn of American cinema—the man who got the dumb in *Dumb & Dumber*—happens to be starring in the smartest movie of the summer.

The *Truman Show* is the most ingenious farce that Hollywood has hatched in ages, a work so original that trying to find a precedent for it produces a dizzying array of reference points—*Nineteen* witnessed with *Brave New World*, *Planet of the Apes*, *Dr. Strangelove*; *It's a Wonderful Life* infected by *Paranoia of the Body Snatchers*. Luckily directed by Australian filmmaker Peter Weir (*Witness*, *Forward*), *The Truman Show* has a solid premise that requires some explanation: But by the time this \$65-million film opens on June 5, Paramount Pictures

will have spent more printing it than the studio spent launching *Truman*. Presumably, the audience will get the picture.

Carrey plays a happy-go-lucky (and named) Truman Burbank who has spent his entire life as the unwitting star of the most popular TV show on the planet. He lives in Seahaven, a coastal community that, in fact, is a gigantic soundstage under a climate-controlled dome, a set filled with thousands of hidden cameras. Truman is the only one unaware of what's going on—no one but the producers, indeed, from his wife to his co-workers, to his actor, or his editor, and that every moment of his life is being broadcast on real time as a 24-hour TV show. He spends his most private moments making faces in the mirror, without realizing there is a camera behind it. Then one day he begins to suspect, and soon has *Game 6* to *Dinner* paradise is starting to look more like *The Twilight Zone*. "Maybe I'm losing my mind," he ventures, "but it looks like the whole world revolves around me. Everyone seems to be on my side." As Truman tries to escape, the show's producers plot his will to escape, making his life in the process. And with the whole world watching, the action hurtles towards the ultimate Final Episode.

A satirical fantasy with a chilling undertone, *The Truman Show* arrives with a vacancy rating: It is about our appetite for the Stupid. Viewing Experience, and for watching the end of the world as we know it in microcosm—whether it is *Villain* or the final episode of *Seinfeld*. The movie is also about time, surveillance, the power of the media, and the zombification of American culture. But, at the same time, it could be a portrait of Jim Carrey. Like Truman, he is the man in the mirror—an imposter: impressionist whose career went from soaring through the looking glass and out the other side. By now, the 35-year-old actor knows a thing or two about the vertigo of fame and the surrealism of being constantly watched. Ever since his 1994 hit took three blockbuster hits in one year (*The Mask*, *Ace Ventura*, *Dumb & Dumber*), he has lived the better part of his life on a movie set, watching the world revolve around him. He has a divorce and a separation to show for it. And he can barely sleep at his house without reading into the long lens of the paparazzi.

"The analogies in this movie are sick," Carrey told *Maxwell's* with evident relish in a recent interview. "They just come from every angle—the idea that you have no control over it any more, which I basically don't. I have a certain amount. But there's a whole army of people out there who are talking about me that I've never spoken to or met." Weir recalls that when he first visited Carrey's modest home in the Brentwood district of Los Angeles, "he made a joke of showing me around through his lovely house and said, 'This isn't so much different between me and Truman.' I broke down—the prisoner of success. The difference is that Jim Carrey made a choice."

A child of Toronto's outer suburbs—born in Newmarket and raised in Burlington—Carrey dropped out of high school to help support his family sweeping floors in a factory. Now, he is the highest-paid comic actor in history, and the biggest Canadian movie star since Mary Pickford. Four of his last five movies have grossed more than \$140 million. And what is astonishing is that he scored such mind-blowing success by relying to play it safe. In 1987, he directed a largely successful career as an impressionist to throw himself into a headcase style of improvised stand-up. With *The Cable Guy*, he was the first actor to make \$20 million for a movie, then hilariously parodied the studio's faith—and his four affliction—on an outrageous portrayal of a mean-spirited, alcohol-payed psychopath with a whip. The movie turned out to be his career's best office disappointment, but it did turn out a small profit.

Now, Carrey is gambling again by risking his first major movie role that doesn't rely on clowning the crowd. "You know what it's like?" he asks. "It's like stepping away all the tricks. The tricks always work, and that's because, because they're original tricks, but it's still sleight of hand. And I think the true magic is incorporating that into a lifelike character." Then he adds, with the sincerity of man who is no stranger to therapy at New Age spiritualism, "At all of my movies have been

why'der people to escape life. This is a way for them to identify with life. The scary thing is that because you're letting little glimpses of your true self come out, if it's rejected it's actually you that's being rejected and not your character. It's a risky thing."

Carrey says he would rather take the risk than be "the poor who goes, 'How can I subtly hold onto my misery brother?' I mean, that's never been what it's about for me. They call me the \$20-million man and all that stuff but that's kind of not going to be stark in a nut." By doing *The Truman Show*, he adds, "It's not dwelling what people love about me. I love that part of myself that becomes that outlandish character once in a while. The just opening it up and showing them more. But I want to go back and do screwball comedies." In conversations, Carrey shows no signs of the manic obsession that goes on an screen, or on TV talk shows. Aside from the odd joke, he is not "on." He seems earnest, good-natured, polite—a typical Canadian in other words, a man capable of genuine soul and the "every pleasant" smile that is a state right ahead of him. But Carrey says he feels no need to be "on" all the time. "I don't have any trouble being real with people. I've never felt a pressure to be insane—except when I go on a TV show or something." And so, he does not feel obliged to be funny just because he is talking to a journalist. "Where doesn't say I was able to 'used to do a Christmas show every year for my family, an hour or so to the living room.' That was up to about the age of 13, and then I went, 'You know what? This is going to be



As Ace Ventura (above), as *The Mask* (left), as Truman (below). Achieving mainstream success despite refusing to play it safe

characters—a spruce with a patch on one eye, Marie Antoinette, an astronaut—until the whole mirror was covered."

Well-fined hours of Truman stretching from around his reflection. "We could have made a whole movie of him staring on the mirror," says the director, who chose to include just a side scene. Because Truman doesn't know there is a camera hidden behind the glass, he adds, "The humor had to be on self-conscious—he wasn't performing, as he still knew, for my audience." For Carrey, meanwhile, the talent became the key to the role. "With Truman," says the actor, "it's those moments in the mirror, and those moments of questions when you see the depth of the character. We all walk around and put on the personality that we want people to think we are. But the mirror doesn't lie." Of course, as a former spokesperson, Carrey has paid some serious attention to the mirror. As a teenager growing up in Burlington, he would spend

He broke the \$20-million barrier as the human 'special effect'

my living, and I'm going to do it all the time. So I'd rather talk about your career. Or hear you guys talk about your screwballing mess or whatever."

When *Wear* first met Carrey in 1992 to talk about *The Truman Show*, he was a down-to-earth quality that he didn't expect. "I got a believe let out of the last meeting, things I hadn't seen on screen," the director recalls. "He's a very thoughtful man, full of energy and charm. And Jim's thorough in his preparation, so what appears to be spontaneous has really been carefully thought through and worked out."

Before casting Carrey, *Wear* had been put one of his movies, the indie *Ace Ventura*. "It impressed me immensely," he says. "He had a kind of boy-man thing, some quality that I think children have recognized in him. They can imagine growing up to be like him. He's not like other adults." In a typical Jim Carrey



movie, "the character he plays is the 'stark' guy. But with *The Truman Show*, he's a man who's the story instead of the other way around. He is still playing a man in arrested development, a kind of overgrown child who has spent his life insulated from the real world. But there are no taller jokes, no rubberface caricatures, just a few discreet gaps in front of a bathroom mirror.

"I don't know why," says Carrey, "but after the first couple of meetings with Peter, I started drawing on the bathroom mirror with a bar of soap. I have these wild-toil mirrors in my house—big mirrors—and I got completely carried away, creating all these

hours making faces in the bathroom. His mother eventually worried him that he would meet the devil. If he did, he certainly came away with a lucrative deal."

James Fugate Carrey is the youngest of four children born in Southern and Percy Carrey (both now deceased). Kathleen was a housewife who spent much of her life suffering from undiagnosed pain. Percy abandoned his dream of playing symphonies in just hands to settle into what looked like a safe job as an accountant. But when Jim was 14, his father was fired, and the whole family—including Jim, his brother, John, and his sisters, the said Jim—went to work as janitors and security guards at Titan Wheels, a factory that produced steel rims for tires in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. David Croughan, who was Jim's Grade 10 English teacher at Alderhot

High School in Burlington, remembers a respectful boy who was so exhausted from working that "he didn't have any energy to be around." But Croughan, now retired, also recalls that Jim was "just the most lovable individual. I was impressed with his tremendous spirit—so much life, so energetic." Jim once did some impersonations for Croughan, who was working on the school's Christmas variety show. "I was thunderstruck that a Grade 10 kid had such an incredible gift for catching personalities."

Dave Maloney was Carrey's partner in the show when the two played on the same football team for three years in the early 1970s. "He

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was a transfer of him even back then," says Nordhoff, now 26 and a Burlington welder. "He liked drinking his beer, too—but he could really open his mouth. Sometimes, when the coach turned his back, everyone would crack up watching Correy's foot. 'The coach always knew who it was because there was only one Jim Correy—he was known for it.' But another stud at St. Albans found it difficult to have a conversation with him. 'People'd be talking to him and he'd be asking for—just longer than magical hour impressions.' It's," recalls Robin Collins, 37-year-old Burlington two-trainer. "I didn't find this funny."

Correy, a former A student, had trouble interacting in his work, with shift work, and quit school at 19. "It was a horrendous time of life," he says. "I hated everything and everyone." His mood improved when the family split the factory and moved around like grapes in a Volkswagen van, living in carpenteries. "We became laughing happy people again," he recalls in a 1995 *Rolling Stone* interview. "people who had food fights every Sunday. The first time my brother brought his fiancée to dinner, she got, like, half a pound of butter stuffed down her." Correy, nonetheless, served as the family's comic relief from an early age. "My mother was the child of alcoholic parents, who were colder for a lot of my comedy routines," he told *Rolling Stone*. "When they'd have after a holiday get-together, after making my parents uncomfortable, I'd do about 20 minutes waiting time and then the whole family would crack up and fall on the floor and it would be OK." Correy also performed to cheer up his chronically bedridden mother. "She was kind of sick," he says. "I started out as how she got attention. We all used to come down to draw focus to ourselves, and she was 'look person.' She had a lot of stuff that manifested and became real stuff, but I think she needed attention that she didn't get when she was a kid."

Correy considers himself much closer to improviser to his father. "I'm a nice guy like my dad," he says. "He was the kind of great guy who'd give you the shirt off his back. It's a little tougher than he was—he put himself last all the time. But the basis of my personality is my father. He was crazy. He was so nice. I would invite him down to Vegas to see our open for Rodney Dangerfield and make him backstage. Rodney loved him so much. They would sit there like a couple of old vaudeville guys just at it—no lines, one after the other. It was wonderful to watch. I think my father got to live out his dream through me."

It was Percy who pushed his son to perform. Jim made his stage debut in 1977 at 25 in a basement comedy club, the first of what would become the Yak Yak's chain. Yak Yak's founder Mark Berlin still remembers it. "He was patently awful," he says. "He did these really weak impressions of Jerry Lewis and Sammi the Frog and Jimmy Stewart. I went to the side of the stage, put the book around his neck and walked. Jim was so embarrassed that he didn't come back for two years." As Berlin, "Of course, I had no idea that this 25-year-old in a powder-blue leisure suit was going to become the world's biggest movie star."

By the time Correy came up the nerve to come back to Yak Yak's in 1979, his act was polished. "It had jokes, it had pacing, it had craft," recalls Berlin. "This energy was outrageous, but the content was totally mainstream except for a couple of pieces—he did a Muppet Koko as a weird baldhead one. I remember remarking that he sounded



With second wife Nelly (left), on 1977 Burlington, Ore., town "The Jerk" stars



way too much to the audience. Whenever he couldn't get a laugh, he'd just fall down. And he'd say 'But it works—people laugh.' And I didn't have an answer for that."

In less than two years, Correy was headlining at Yak Yak's. And by the time he moved to Los Angeles at 25, his act was hot. Impassioned dignity patterns of the fabled Comedy Store, he landed numerous spots on tours with Dangerfield, and singer Linda Ronstadt, with whom he had a brief affair. Then, in 1983, NBC hired him to star as a cartoonist in a sitcom called *The Duck Factory*. Flush with instant success, Correy invited his parents to live with him in L.A. But the show lasted only 13 episodes, and the young actor sank into depression. Tormented by nightmares, he could not handle the stress of supporting his parents. So he sent them back to Toronto, but continued to send them money until he went broke.

Correy suspended his stand-up career to paint, write and study acting. In 1986, he landed a job as a writer on *The Comedy Store*. The next year Correy returned to the stage in a new incarnation—he had dropped his impression act. "I had everybody telling me it was great," he says. "I was looking to be the best impressionist around. But I saw where it was leading, and it didn't make me happy. I went, 'Well, either I make the safe choice or I go for what's truly going to fulfill me. Which is to show all the colors and discover new things.'"

Appreciated Correy's unbridled adult audience with an uncanny style of crass, absurdist improvisation. "Some nights," he recalls, "I wouldn't be funny at all. I'd walk onstage to *join the audience* at the Comedy Store. And that night I had chosen to go on my tangents and sing songs, do everything except my act. By the end of it, there was chaos raining on my head. They were like in the back, screaming, 'We hate you!' And I ended up in the audience, climbing over people's heads to challenge us guys in a table to a fight. The producer was at the next table. He came in, sat down and saw me finishing off six guys with a broken beer bottle."

When not enacting his devious onstage, Correy cultivated a screen career. He played a male virgin in the megamovie *John Belushi* (1985), a class clown in Francis Ford Coppola's *Peggy Sue* (1986), and an over-the-top extraterrestrial in *Earth Girls Are*

Age 39 (1996). Then, in 1996, he became the token, all-purpose white guy on *The TV* comedy series *Lois & Clark: New Adventures of Superman*. In a dramatic role, as an alcoholic brother-in-law in Ken Olin's acclaimed TV movie *Doing Time on Maple Drive* (1999).

But what made him a star was the chance to create characters big enough to absorb his slapstick energy. With an absurd pompous air and a handsome burr of chocolate hair, he played *Star Trek's* *Phil Tucker* into a \$100-million hit. In a typical response, *The Chicago Tribune* called it "the 10 changes [most] comically occurred, criticized, and most liked of the winter." *Kids* loved it.

With *The Mask*, Carrey struck a more elegant pose. As a nerd who receives magical powers from an ancient totem, the actor almost overcame the computer effects with his facial contortions. Then, as the fiddler twirling a cane. For some movieville success, he played a cranky, big-brother Val Kean in *Dotma's* *And* when he played a



Playing the fool: critical praise for the genius of stupidity

He has a clean-cut Fifties look, an image he likes to vandalize

As the set of *Dotma* & *Dewler*, meanwhile, he met his second wife, actress Lauren Holly. By then, he and Melissa were separated, and their eight-year marriage ended with a messy divorce in 1995. (They have a daughter, Jane, who is now 10.) Carrey admits he is not good at decompressing from the peak highs of his work to the mundanity of domestic life. But after a separation from Holly, they are now trying to patch up their marriage. "I'm hanging out with Lauren," Carrey sighs when asked about his current status. "and I don't really want to get into it too heavily."

It is easy to imagine, now, a man with Carrey's energy might find it hard to sit still in a relationship. Even on-screen, his characters are solitary creatures, too busy burning up in the atmosphere to surrender their emotions to someone else. From his superpowered days to his current role as neopunkist iconoclast, Carrey's persona has been fuelled by a kind of misanthropic adolescent cynicism. He has the deceptively deadpan look of a "strategic" guy, to the dissonant Fifties sense. But at his best, and most provocative, roles he likes to vandalize that image—as he did in *The Cable Guy*. Although the film was deemed a flop because it failed to make \$300 million, it still contains his most audacious performance. And he is a serious, *The Truman Show's* TV star in the big role of *The Cable Guy*—instead of warring the world. Carrey's character is wired by it. But this time, he plays a hero, and the film is more audience-friendly.

For all his success, Carrey has yet to play a fully rounded character. His original idol was Johnny Stewart, but he isn't a long way from achieving the emotional depth that comes with acting ordinary. He hopes to get closer with his next film, *Men on the Moon*, director Mike Nichols's drama about the turbulent life of the late TV comic Andy Kaufman (Glen). "I get everything," says Carrey. "The guy had a amazing life, an incredible, short life." Then, he adds "I don't think I've reached my audience to thank. I'm only one year, 'cause there are dark edges even when I'm happy. There are things going on. And I just want to show them a bit more—pull a *Salvador Dali* and lift the ocean to see the sleeping dog."

Among Carrey's multiple identities, there is a Canadian kid from the suburbs of Burbank, somewhere. He belongs to a sliver of comedy that includes Mike Myers, Michael J. Fox, Dan Aykroyd, the SCTV guys and the *Skins in the Hall*. And what is it about this country that breeds comedians the way Holland breeds tallies? Is it just one ironic distance from America? Or is Carrey's innate sense of humor as angry revolt against Canadian possibility? "To a certain extent," he replies. "There are so many artists coming out of Canada right now that I have to think it has to do with something of some kind. I think we have a lot of British influence that teaches us early on not to embarrass anybody, especially ourselves." Asked if he still considers himself a Canadian, Carrey says, "Oh sure. I may go and citizenship at some point just so I can vote down here. But I'm Canadian."

Carrey still makes regular trips back to Ontario to visit his sister and brother. Melissa's dad attempted to interview the actor's siblings, but they would sit still without his permission, which he denied. Carrey, however, seemed to have no qualms about discussing them, notably brother John, a factory maintenance supervisor in the Toronto suburb of Richmond Hill. "We wrestle a lot," says Carrey. "Weirdo? Yeah, it's his father's story." He laughs. "Apocryph in the area is words a thousand words to us." The actor describes his brother as "a shy guy, not a real talkative guy." But because of him, people expect him to be funny. Once when he had a job cleaning up car racks, "kids just swarmed around him all the time, asking him to do funny faces. The last thing on earth that John is going to do is the funny faces."

Being a poor relative of the rich and famous can be trying. "It's tough on them some time, I gotta tell you," he says. "I talk out my hands whenever I can, but people expect you to completely think all the responsibility away, and that doesn't allow them to live a life." His water bike, a bus driver in Burlington, "I get pressure from people saying, 'What are you driving a bus for if your brother is Jim Carrey?' And she says, 'Well, I got to make up in the morning and contribute to life. Don't I?'"

And when does Jim spend his relaxation? "Oh gawd," he says. "Just doctors. Head ones, body ones, psychic surgeries." A model Californian, Carrey has, in fact, tried all sorts of therapy, from aura cleansing to color therapy (it's good for fading old jewelry). But when pressed to say what material indulgence he feels most guilty about, he admits that he just bought a plane, a Gulfstream III jet, although he doesn't fly it himself. "It's not in a business, but it's my plane. That's a real cool thing, my first real extravagance."

Carrey has another whim that he's dying to fulfill. "You know what one of my biggest dreams is right now, to this day?" he asks. "To sing the national anthem at a hockey game." The prospect excites up a cascade of players struggling to keep a straight face as Carrey turns *On Canada* into comic relief. The willing for the right moment. The time the Maple Leafs finally get into the Stanley Cup. That could be it.

By then, he would be too old. "I could be," muses Carrey. "But I could still have the pipes." Carrey is not about to make that mistake. "I believe this is as good as it's going to get," he says. "I guess time and experience and stuff will narrow my focus a bit. That's a natural thing. It's like I live from Chaplin in *Lantern*—things we do to get back that childhood feeling." □



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THE FUTURE OF INTIMACY

What will happen to people's personal lives—their intimate, daily relationships—as we pass into the new era of the 21st century? Mark Kingwell, author of *Dreams of Millennium and Better Living: In Pursuit of Happiness from Plato to Prozac*, brings the future down to a human scale, arguing that the only technological developments that will truly matter are those that will improve our ability to connect with our fellow human beings.



BY MARK KINGWELL

There is a quality of early morning light in Vancouver that you don't find in the rest of the country. A Turner-esque wash of greys and blues that softens English Bay in romantic obscurity and makes the nearby Coastal Range look like a pod of humpback whales moving out to sea with indistinctal shapes. It feels like the birthplace of the

world—except for the foreground blocks of half-completed buildings, piles of concrete rubble and the heling silhouettes of high-lod cranes. The pagers and Beethoven, airy and elegant even at 6 a.m., pick their way easily through all this antiquated evidence of Pacific Rim expansion. If there has been a downturn in the local economy—30,000 jobs lost in January alone, an 11 percent decline in house prices, a 40 percent drop in volume—yes, wouldn't I know it from the building sites or the packed restaurant patios. Vancouver really is the every-city of *The X-Files*, a generic urban location of lustre and intrigue, and it seems to represent the future—a future confident, confident, physically fit, comfortable with technology and happily even erotically, capitalistic.

Is it also a *Uchi* future? The economic doom-sayers would have us believe that of the post-9/11 and Pacific revivalism is just empty currency-driven puffery. And perhaps they are right: there is quite enough evidence to suggest that the reality of globalization is not the liberating dream of modern economics, but instead a nightmare of convergent class conflict, tribal hatred and technological dependencies.

Neal Stephenson's 1992 novel *Snow Crash*, a cult phenomenon of cyberpunk action and nervously dystopian speculation, fills in the details of this not-so-rosy picture. The book, set in a near-future California of gated communities for "Barbicans", private firewalls and quasi-governmental companies known as "Innervates", has become an underground best-seller, one of those culting documents of the culture that newscasts show up as the radar screens of network television or mainstream newspapers. The central action concerns the efforts of L. Bob Rife, a global media magnate, to resurrect an ancient religion—also an ancient computer virus—to

reprogram the limits of the world's population. His point of entry is The Rift, a floating country of refugees, displaced persons and poets, which is moving towards the vulnerable west coast of North America, whose distracted, drug-addled, war-torn and self-destructive politicians are powerless to resist. The U.S. federal government has been reduced to Fedland, a bureaucratic non-entity, with a glad-handing president who can't get anyone to take him seriously.

It might seem capricious to consider a science-fiction novel significant in shaping the future, but as the American philosopher Richard Rorty noted recently in his careful assessment of



MARK KINGWELL

Snow Crash, visions of the future can have an unusually powerful bearing on the present. Rorty cited the "post-utopian" of Stephenson's vision, and lamented its tendency to induce a sense of impotence. How we imagine the future dictates, in better part than we know, the kind of future we will actually create.

Any simple dichotomy of optimism and pessimism is too crude to capture the nuances of the issue, however. Advocates would have us believe that the question of life a hundred years hence is one either of utopia or dystopia, wondrous emancipation or dark enslavement—a term of bipolar thinking that is particularly prevalent at cultural landmarks like the much-discussed, entirely arbitrary yet immensely compelling millennium. Both utopian sport and the dangers.

A SEARCH FOR SOUL IN THE NEW MACHINES

The trouble with utopian vision is that they hide the realness of the money trade. Then—think of the little elimination of poverty and hunger in the *Sher* that service. They can also become a platform for intolerant, occasionally violent social classes: witness the dominant political movements of our bloody century. Not least, utopias run the risk of making any actual, stepwise reform look paltry and therefore somehow contemptible. It is in this sense that, as the saying goes, the perfect is the enemy of the good.

Stellarly dystopian visions are often an invitation to gloomy inaction, rather than a needed wake-up call. They stoke feelings of hope that might translate into political action. They lead on our fears and anxieties, warning them up into fully formed bad dreams of a dark future. They make us feel powerless or overwhelmed instead

of being, we've lost a depressed status.

There is good evidence that such cultural pessimism has been widespread throughout history, but there is also something that must be acknowledged as unique to our times. It has been Jeanette Greenblatt in *Death, the Machine* and Postman discussing what he calls the problem of "the information-actio ratio"—the structure of human responsiveness that determines how much, and what sort, of information is usefully assimilable. Our current mass-information media offers virtually limitless information. This triggers a kind of overpowering event which stops action when we think of how many impossible demands there are for action.

It is essential that we bring all issues together in the ball of thread we call the future—technology, globalization, environmental changes—down to a level where we can think about them productively.

Consider a small example. Anyone who knows me personally is aware that my favorite techno-toy is a cordless handset phone.

This little machine has changed my life more than almost any other piece of technology, in large part because it facilitates the interplay of work and leisure. Under the handset, I can glimpse a future in which we all achieve, as demand, what computer programmers like to call seamless ubiquity: the ability to access a workstation or computation system from any place I can now able to carry an phone conversations not only from every corner of my apartment, but can do so with my hands free. I can talk to a friend while singing for a parcel delivery, or do a radio interview while chopping vegetables.

Sometimes, in momentary adolescent adolescent mood, I even wonder I look pretty good with the handset on. This is surely part of its appeal, at least for some of my generation, raised as we were on *Gerry Anderson's* *Supermarionettes*, *Captain Scarlet* and the *Thunderbirds*, and with more recent echoes in John Casade's well-equipped professional killer in *Grosse Pointe Blank*—not to mention Pierce Brosnan as James Bond, or Madonna and Daddy Brown on stage during a concert tour. Of course, it is effishly possible that I just look geeky, not so much sexy gadget king as back-control boy at The Gap.

The handset is only a minor piece of technology, but it hints at the real issues in thinking about the future. We have spent a lot of time lately either decrying or celebrating technology, with the hype masters of *Wired* magazine squaring off against vicious neo-Luddites and advocates of media fasting. But most of us, in thoughtful moments, realize that technology is entirely devoid of interest unless it makes some aspect of daily life easier or more attractive—or if it, in more cases, increases the degree of justice in our world.



Kingwell's family photo (clockwise from top): his parents, his father, with his older brother Steven



NOW AND IN THE FUTURE, CONNECTING WILL MATTER MOST

leaders will choose to call progress, but here with the faster and better wiring, our longing for connection will remain the same.

I have been away from home a lot lately, travelling from city to city across this country and some of the border. On a recent Sunday, I had breakfast with my wife in Boston, lunch with a friend in Toronto, and dinner with a colleague in Ottawa. I started writing this essay in Montreal, worked on it in Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary, fiddled with the first few paragraphs in Winnipeg, fleshed out some other parts in upstate New York, and then drafted it in Toronto. Covering all those miles, crisscrossing and out of departure lounges and parking in hours is what can give you an appreciation for the vastness and variety of Canada that way provincial politics dominates Edmonton as a way it doesn't in Winnipeg, the way Vancouver has, like Paris, apparently cornered the regional market on beautiful people, the way the snow and the driving habits get worse every year in Toronto.

This kind of travel also forces an awareness of technology's gifts. Many of us now board transcontinental planes with all the excitement of commuters entering a subway car, and I float up my laptop absentmindedly in a hotel restaurant, the way I might open

The base-level facts of existence—that we must rise and face each day, and that at some point this crucible cycle will cease for each one of us—will not be altered by the passage of a century. Whatever changes, these will remain the same. And they can't any technological, economic or social changes in their only new dimension: light. What happens to the people around the globe, what happens in their daily lives of seeking security, love and happiness, as we pass into the new era of the 21st century?

What particularly fascinates me in this attempt to bring the future down to a human scale is the concept of intimacy: the phenomenon of closeness as one person to another. How is it that we are able to form and maintain relationships, to carry on conversations that build up a web of interpersonal connections so vast and complicated they can only be captured by the nearly banal phrase "human civilization"?

This daily miracle, which we rarely pause to acknowledge, let alone celebrate, is the key to thinking about impossible future. It is unlikely that the next hundred years will change one of the key features of human life: surely that consciousness is inexorably moving forward, forcing us to find our connections to others by newer means. Intimacy will continue to play its joyful, wistful, complex role in our lives, and the subtle dialectic of private and public will continue to dominate our institutions, except those earlier institutions, most of all, our sense of ourselves.

Our machines will always change, often in ways that technological cheer-

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a door. These are the small miracles of modern life, inconvertible privileges, ones within the grasp of less than a fifth of the planet's inhabitants. And there are many more on the way, things that will alter the details of daily life in ways we can hardly imagine.

What matters is not, as you're likely to ask, in all this? That I could have dinner with my parents and brother in Vancouver last month, the first time in four years that we had all been together, with my mother passing around old snapshots of her and my father when they were first together—wonderful black and white portraits, my father with his lanky good looks and Harry Connick hairstyle, my mother elegantly at 24, the sweet little messages she wrote to him on the back of each photo. That I can check my e-mail in Calgary and read a welcome message from a friend in England, saying that he has a new son. That I can, finally, come home again, and find the resolute, familiar comfort of my little apartment, the reassuring and human routine of doing the laundry, watering the plants, shopping for food, and cooking a meal for myself.

We all realize that as humans we find much of our deepest happiness in intimacy, in the sharing of ourselves with each other. This communion is the texture of life, the crosshatching beneath our fingers as we rub them over the passage of time. There is a mystery here, a deeply human thing that must be acknowledged before we can move on into the future, a future that is coming whether we like it or not. The critic Walter Benjamin once said that we don't move into the future facing forward so much as we look into it, peering out over the past. It might be even more accurate to say that we look into it, peering forward, and then we look back, seeing the future clearly down at our feet.

The word *intimate* contains an illuminating contradiction that is worth dwelling on before we take our next backward steps. As an adjective, *intimate* means personal, the intimate details of your life that only you can know. It comes from the Latin word *intimus*, which means "nearest." In this sense, "intimate" captures the strange specificity of individual consciousness, that irresistible, first-personal character of identity, that is, at some level, impenetrable by anyone outside.

To be intimate in this sense is to be inward. But the adjective is also used, more commonly, to describe the act of sharing that inwardness with another in an intimate conversation, an intimate friendship. This hints at the ambiguity in the word, and the concept. Considered as a verb, too, "intimate" also means to declare, to communicate, to set out the case. In English we change the pronunciation to distinguish the two uses of the word, and the verb form derives more prominently from the Latin verb *intimare*, meaning to announce. But the deep connection is clear: to intimate is to share a message, though not always an agreed one, to be intimate is to be inward, though not always in a way that can be shared.

This play of closure and distance, of inside and outside, is at the centre of human life. Trapped, if necessary, inside our own minds, we try, in the creative heat of language and action, to express and to explain, to bridge the unbridgeable gap between one person and another. We intimate thoughts and hope, thereby, to become intimate: to join our private lives together in the public space that lies between us, where meaning resides. It doesn't always work: our words are misunderstood, our intentions treated, our messages changed in the talking like the constant distortions of the telephone game. But we go on trying because otherwise we are nothing, our voices lost and cold and therefore, somehow, useless.

We also hear intimations from elsewhere. Intimations of immortality, as Wordsworth said, where life and experience hint at the transcendent possibilities beyond our limited selves: the way we can go beyond ourselves, can find a sense of purpose or belonging that is not illusory because we sense our connection to a scheme of things. We may also hear intimations of mortality, those whispers of the shroud that draw like seductively into high relief and, if we are listening closely enough, may clarify the possibilities of life in this life.

Finding our way into the future is not a matter of deciding which big picture is most likely. It is not, perhaps, a matter of big pictures at all. Like Socrates' basic question—"What is the life worth living?"—the question of the future is one that must start with a thousand smaller ones: What are you going to do today? Tomorrow? Next month? The future is constructed of the infinite number of present moments passing through our hands. With each one we have an opportunity to make our world more responsive to the needs of others.

We need ideas to guide us in that responsiveness, justice, generosity, and the respect for other humans on which it is ultimately based. Indeed, we can no longer insulate our pursuit of the self-concerned to other concerns of our race, our nationality, even our species. Nor can we allow the triumph of private life and private goods that has been wrought in these past three centuries of modernity to stifle the public life and public good that alone makes a society, or a civilization, worth while.

We therefore have to create space for possibility that some of the private luxuries we have enjoyed—ones which are less expensive in resources, too disproportionate in their distribution—will no longer be valuable as time goes on. Our intimate lives may change in ways we do not always like, but we can no longer spread the vacuum in our lives—and in our hearts—that intimate we must share even more.

The problem is that if we let the question open off one trying to imagine the future as such, the result can only be an overwhelming set of demands that will, paradoxically, have the effect of dissolving our responsiveness. People detach from responsibility then, hiding in gated communities and surrounding that property with private police forces. They pay to begin to see the mess more as chaos than as chaos, able to take their purchasing power for social services elsewhere than to inefficient or redistributive governments.

That revolt is rooted in anxiety, as perceived external threats to our security and comfort. We all feel that anxiety now and then, but because it comes from within it is in a way more perfectly justifiable. After all, it is a dangerous world. However, no return into isolation will protect our intimate connections if we lack a common destiny to support them and give them purpose. The challenge is to get on with the hard business of making the world a slightly better place, one step at a time, ignoring the increasingly seductive promises of both boom and doom. The truth about the future is, as always, both less spectacular and more demanding—like everyday life itself. □



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technology is devoid of meaning
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Global parade of faith

BY SHARON DOYLE
DRIEDGER

Imagine balloons and banners, streamers and pennants. Inside the dancers waving flags and rattling tambourines. Imagine parading down a main street, singing songs about Jesus, to the beat of rock and reggae blasting from speakers on flatbed trucks. It's flamboyant, exuberant and such a public display—certainly not a typical Christian worship service. Last year, 12 million Christians in 180 countries, including more than 110,000 Canadians, took to the streets for the lively, noisy celebration of their faith known as *March for Jesus*. Organizers expect that just as many will turn out on May 30 for the annual event, which has grown exponentially since its beginnings in the late '80s. "We have Roman Catholics marching alongside Baptists and Pentecostals, the Salvation Army and Methodists," says Eric Primacy, an Anglican minister from Saint John, N.B., and president of the national convention. "Our purpose is to worship God outside the walls of the church building." David Hallstead, a 17-year-old high-school student from Winnipeg, and one of 35,000 marchers in that city last year, plans to skateboard the three-kilometre route with his friends next week. "People often see Christianity as a boring Sunday service," he says. "This is a side they don't often see—it's a big waking party."

For several decades, mainstream religion appeared to be fading into obscurity, its adherents in the 1960s and '70s, church attendance tumbled to a low of approximately 30 per cent of the population—a number that remains stable, although more than 80 per cent of Canadians still call themselves Christian. "People stopped going to church," says Andrew Liew, senior vice-president in Canada for the Winnipeg-based Angus Reid Group public firm. "But faith did not disappear. It just went underground." And so did many public proclamations, a religious tradition that began in biblical times and continued into the late '80s in Quebec, where most Catholics celebrated the feast of Corpus Christi by walking through their neighborhoods, stopping to pray at shrines set up in front of parishioners' homes. The growing popularity of the March for Jesus suggests that many Christians may now be willing to proclaim their beliefs more visibly. "Our purpose is to celebrate our faith publicly," says Pierre LeBlond, organizer of the Montreal march,



LeBlond, a conscious effort to fight any discomfort about being a believer

Christians stage a public celebration

which attracts about 5,000 people. "We are dropping the embarrassment about religion." Why now? "These folks feel embraced," says John Stackhouse, a University of Manitoba religion professor. He and other observers believe it is no accident that enthusiasm for public, contemporary worship is rising at a time when an increasing number of Christians perceive that the culture is becoming anti-Christian. "Christian values were the values of the nation," says Gerry Bowler, director of Calgary's Centre for the Study of Christianity and Contemporary Culture. "That's no longer true. What we have seen in the past 20 years is not just a secularization of society, but a series of attacks on religion." Pollster Grenville reports that 90 per cent of Canadians think religion does not get far treatment in the press. And Bowler notes "a continuing trend to anti-Catholic humor in Canada, particularly in comedy groups out of the Maritimes, the Codex which uses Catholic priests as a stock figure." But Michael Markowicz, executive director of the Catholic Civil Rights League believes that the problem goes much deeper. "Being

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RELIGION

called the most criminal organization outside the mafia—as Michael Enright did—has a sting to it," he says. Even worse, he argues, is the chasm between Catholic values and beliefs in schools, the workplace and government institutions. "On Sundays, you are allowed to go and be a Christian," he allows.

"But when it comes time to go to the office—it happens to everybody I know—you have to put all that aside, otherwise you are a threat." Marwick is attempting to mobilize a lay movement against what he calls "a systemic barrier to the participation of Catholics in Canadian society today." High on their agenda is the introduction of legislation to allow hospital workers the freedom to refuse to participate in abortion and other procedures forbidden by their faith.

March for Jesus arose spontaneously, out of a spiritual vision, not a political motivation. Four friends, all charismatic Protestants, were clanking around during a bus break at London's Westminster Chapel in 2008. When one complained that, despite a rigorous fitness program, he was gaining weight, another quipped that God probably wanted him to go a long prayer walk. That offhand remark blossomed a few months later into the 2007 March for Jesus through central London. The forerunner, including British composer Graham Kendrick who writes the music for the marches, expected 5,000—and 25,000 turned up. Over the next decade, with little publicity or media attention, the march spread across the world, even to remote communities in the Arctic, Japan and Mongolia. "It will run on kitchen



Millions took part in the March for Jesus, which is set to take place in London this year.

Triggering an open debate about values in Canada

stoves, financed one wing and a ginger," says Loris Dorel, co-host of the Christian TV show *100 Family Street* and a former director of March for Jesus Canada. "Expenses have gone on people's personal Visa cards—that's how grassroots it is." Dorel became a "banned list" when she covered the Winnipeg march as a freelance writer a few years ago. The attraction, she says, is "passion, energy and a feeling that we are not alone. The whole focus is on an oneness of one us to God. It was never intended to be political."

But the conservative Marwick believed that Christians must take direct action to protect their dwindling rights. He points out that on May 31, the day after the march, some 30,000 people—Catholics and leaders of several other denominations—will attend a special service led by Vancouver Archbishop Adam Connor in BC Place Stadium. "It's all very well to walk in marches for that wonderful faith, and it's all very well to gather in these wonderful assemblies," says Marwick. "But the necessary end step is to find ways to live that faith more exemplarily as one's life."

Gravelle believes that most Christians are content with the status quo. "If everyone who was Christian went out marching, the roads would have to be closed down," he says. Still, he suggests that it may be a hint of what is to come. "I think you'll see a renaissance and a distinctly Christian attitude. They are saying 'Why have we not contributed to the public discourse for all these years? Why have we been silent?' So this discourse that the marchers are only a small start." But if taken as a road map to make an inflexible base seller in Canada, he argues, "A small minority, gathered and well

directed, can make a huge difference. When you get 25,000 people doing anything together in Winnipeg—that is an awful lot of people."

March for Jesus organizers are much less ambivalent about the impact. "It's a one-day event," says Loris. "We're not going to change the face of the world overnight." Apart from a few catcalls, water bombs and plenty of stares, reactions to the event have been quite benign. Last year, however, some residents of London, Ont., decided that the event was not aggressively multicultural and staged a march for Islamism on the following week.

Perhaps most surprisingly, March for Jesus triggers an open debate about the place of religion in Canada. With complaints about so-called Christian bias on the rise, reaction is clearly divided. Sarah Karl, a 57-year-old Hindu on a sabbatical from Polkson, B.C., says she deplores the "political correctness" that keeps prayer and references to Christmas out of schools and assumes that "it would not be respectful to talk about God in front of a diverse group of students, no though diversity and tolerance are mutually antithetical." Karl adds "I get nervous because maybe somebody will stand up and say, 'You can't celebrate Easter.'"

The issues seem clearer in the stark, confined space of a prison. In 1995 a group of 18 prisoners at Stony Mountain Institution took balloons, taped musical lyrics to the exercise yard wall, with the encouragement of the Catholic chaplain, Sister Gerald Pelocan, held their own March for Jesus. "It was kind of naive," recalls Terry Repole, a 42-year-old inmate at the prison, north of Winnipeg. "The attitude in prison is if you're a Christian you're for no good. That's why so many are afraid to talk about it." Most of the men stopped and stared at the marchers. "It was a powerful experience," recalls Pelocan. "They took the whole yard by surprise. There may have been the odd comment, but it was really cheerful. I think the balloons and the music distracted people." Still, Repole, who "turned to the Lord" after he received a life sentence, says that a few weeks later or there was a major incident when an inmate threw rocks at a nun and the other inmates. But Repole continued to march, and this year expects about 30 inmates to join him. "It is enlightening," he says. "The march is a chance to share my faith." □



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Dinner at The Watkinson re-creating the last meal served in first class

Titanic tourism

With history to boot, Halifax is a sightseer's mecca

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

For good or ill, the City of Halifax arena inaccessibly linked to the tragic April 14, 1912, sinking of the RMS Titanic, which saw 1,522 souls succumb to icy Atlantic waters. As the nearest major port to the disaster, Halifax is where many of the dead were brought to be buried or claimed by relatives. The international media descended on the East Coast community to document the grim spectacle as the corpses of mill-liners and paupers alike were lined up along the piers. Eighty-four years later, the city was again in the spotlight as film director James Cameron spent 17 days in the Halifax area shooting a small slice of what would become *Titanic*, the topgrossing movie of all time. On the last day of filming, the cast and crew tacked into a seafloor chowder that had been spiked with enough PCP (angel dust) to send 80 of them to the hospital. While they all recovered, the incident generated headlines around the globe. Surely, thought many Halifaxians, their city's curious affiliation with the world's worst single-vessel shipping disaster could not get any stranger than this.

Or could it?

Since the release of Cameron's astonishingly successful movie, Halifax has been banking in its reflected—some would say, surreal—glory. It begins, unceremoniously enough, with the widely respected Maritime Museum of the Atlantic breaking off its small permanent collection of Titanic artifacts to create the nucleus of a half-hour exhibit, *Titanic: The Unsinkable Ship and Halifax, Nova*

Scotia, Titanic to coincide with the film's release last December; the exhibit pointed to a little-known fact that Halifax was the final resting place for 150 Titanic victims, the largest concentration in the world. Local fans of Titanic began scouting out the Fairview Cemetery, where 121 of the dead lay buried under three rows of plain granite markers. Some stumbled upon the tombstone of one J. Dawson—and wondered if he might be the model for Jack Dawson, the dashing leading man in the film, played by teen heartthrob Leonardo DiCaprio. Soon enough, cemetery caretakers reported visitors—mostly teenage girls—leaving flowers, paper hearts and movie tickets to be at the foot of J. Dawson's humble grave.

Suddenly, Halifax was hot again. The U.S. tabloid TV show *Mad City* dispatched a camera crew to investigate the J. Dawson phenomenon. Several European television networks, *People* magazine and newspapers ranging from *The Boston Globe* to the Bangkok *Post* also featured items on the city's Titanic connection. Even the iconic *Sunday Times* of London sought out Halifax customers for rare-located coroners.

Care boosters, knowing a gray town when they saw one, have decided to jump aboard. Local companies are staging special Titanic bus tours this summer, ferrying visitors from the backyards where the bodies of Titanic victims first landed, to the graveyards where they are interred, to the halfhearted museums where they are commemorated. The municipal and provincial governments have agreed

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TRAVEL

to spend \$600,000, both to expand the museum exhibit and to restore the long neglected Titanic gravities. Halifax's chief mayor, Walter Pigeon, told his fellow councillors that the Titanic cruise signalled a type of tourism the city had barely explored. Perhaps, mused Pigeon, visitors might like to learn about other local disasters, such as the 2017 firestorm, which killed 2,000, or the 1873 sinking of the SS Atlantic near Toronto, just south of the city, which claimed another 582 lives. "You can almost make it take and pay your respects," observed the mayor. "And you can also take in money."

In fact, just one Halifax restaurant, The Whitehouse, has hired its granite dining room into a culinary shrine to the Titanic. An entire wall is given over to a local artist's rendering of the great steamer that figured so prominently in Canada's life. For \$80 per person (before taxes or drinks), patrons partake of six of the 12 courses offered to the first-class parties. Based on the night the ship went down—including poached salmon and Waldorf pudding. As a violent and cold play-performances, an actor assuming the character of Titanic Capt. E. J. Smith works the room, encouraging diners to take on the identity of some of the ship's better-known passengers, including John Astor and "The Unsinkable" Molly Brown. The restaurant's marketing director, Elizabeth Newman, says bookings are already brisk from corporations and tour groups. Newman admits that when they first considered all the dinners, there were some concerns that might prove a tad phobias. "We thought, 'Why would you want to have what they ate the last night?'" she says with a laugh. "But that's what people want—don't ask me why." One mirthful anchor aside all the Titanic people in the original Maritime Museum exhibit. It documents in gripping detail how Halifax, 1,300 km away from where the ship sank, became a "city of funerals" as the days after the tragedy. While survivors were taken to New York City, many of the dead were loaded on three Halifax cable ships. When the first of the ships, the Mackay-Bennett, approached the Halifax dockyards on April 30, 1912, church bells tolled, flags hung at half-mast and hearsemen lined the piers. Adhering to the strict class barriers of the day, bodies of first-class passengers were unloaded in coffins; the rest were laid out in canvas bags or in open stretchers.

Most of the bodies that were sent home ended up at the Fairview Cemetery—including crewman James Dawson, a 25-year-old coal stoker from Southampton, England, who bears little resemblance to the fictitious Jack Dawson, the American star played by DiCaprio, who spent most of Titanic's second voyage as a wannabe Ros. Winkler, Gerry Linn, curator of visitor services for the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, acknowledges that all the media attention on the Dawson coincidence has been "a little wearying." But still at the museum, which has attracted more than 90,000 people during the first 45 months of 1998—nearly the number over the same time last year—are acting the opportunity to distinguish between myth and reality. Says Linn: "We're all aware. 'You've seen the movie, now come to the museum to get the real story.'"

There are, in fact, already some signs of a Titanic backlash. At least one tour group operator, Betty Ann Brinkley, owner of Colosseum Cruises, will be sending clients to the gravesites of Titanic victims. Brinkley, who has no mother, father and water buried at the Fairview Cemetery, finds the notion offensive to both the dead and the living: "There are certain things you can take advantage of," she says bluntly. "But a cemetery is not one of them." That sentiment was echoed one recent foggy afternoon, as about 30 high-school students from across Canada milled among the Titanic tombstones. In Halifax for a conference on Canadian studies, the teenagers were in a pre-arranged tour. "It's just not right," said Stephanie Seamus of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, wearing up what appeared to be the majority view. "I find it very disrespectful."

Such reactions might give civic boosters, sullying over this summer's bottom line, pause for concern. Except for one thing: many of the students, including some of the vocal critics, were busy snapping pictures of James Dawson's tombstone, or of each other standing among the granite markers. (Oh? The show has just begun.)

REVISITING A SEASIDE GRAVEYARD

Until the Titanic sank in 1912, the dubious honor of being "the world's worst shipwreck site" belonged to the SS Atlantic, a steamship that ran aground near Halifax on April 1, 1873, killing 562 of its 1,000 passengers. For 125 years, 277 victims of the SS Atlantic rested in relative obscurity in an oceanic graveyard in Tenney Bay, a tiny fishing village about 32 km southwest of Halifax. This January, however, some Tenney Bay residents made a grisly discovery: the first of the victims caused by waves crashing up against the gravesites, human bones were spotted sticking out from the bank. A local Anglican minister, Rev. Glenn Eason, is in the process of lobbying the provincial and municipal governments to look in up to \$50,000 to refurbish the graves and protect them from further damage. Eason says his campaign was aided by the local newspaper, the Halifax Chronicle, which has been covering the story since it was first reported. "Governments aren't known for throwing their money around for nothing," he says. "I don't think this would have happened a couple of years ago."

Owned by the White Star Line, which would later construct the Titanic, the 3,300-tonne SS Atlantic was so close from Liverpool to New York City—carrying mostly European immigrants seeking a new life in North America. Its captain noticed it was low on coal and decided to head to Halifax to pick up additional supplies. High winds and waves, along with navigational errors, conspired to knock the ship off course. At 3 a.m., the Atlantic hit the rocky tip of Master Island, near Tenney Bay. At full speed, leaving a huge path in its wake. Survivors clung to the rigging until dawn, when local fishermen launched the first of several rescue missions, helping to save more than 400 lives. Victims were later buried in two large trenches dug into a gravelly rock overlooking the ocean.

While the Titanic's notoriety relegated the earlier shipwreck to the back pages of the history books, the story was kept alive in the area's fishing villages, where residents took great pride in the role their town played in responding to the tragedy. Now, some are concerned that the recent wave of publicity could disrupt their way of life—especially if anything comes of recent bids to raise Tenney Bay, nearby Peggy's Cove, and Halifax's Titanic site, part of a package known as "The thought of bulldozers and bulldozers of people seems to be a bit," says Eason. "It would be new and quite devastating." It is one thing to aid the dying and deceased—and quite another to accommodate the city council.



Eason: 200 victims exposed human bones

New high-wire acts

Ten Wyvern, this year's winner of the Cosmo-sophia Prize for best first book, could only sleep happily at the beds of fate that had brought him to a Japanese restaurant. Dining at the exclusive restaurant hours with novelist Marjorie Robles, novelist Rachel May, and Canadian High Commissioner Gavin Stewart, Wyvern was rehearsing the award for his novel, *Angel Falls*. The Toronto author describes his Caribbean trip in late April as "the best work of my life." Besides collecting nearly \$20,000 in prize money, Wyvern mingled with writers from Australia to Zimbabwe, gave readings and sat on a Kingston bench with three Jamaican authors "eating fish and drinking Red Stripe beer, listening to them talk about Jamaican politics and in between, between men and women." The experience made up for what he called the "disappointing silence" that had greeted the appearance of *Angel Falls* a year ago in Canada.

In fact, *Angel Falls*, the true comic tale of a young man from an unstable Southern Ontario family, very nearly never got published at all. Wyvern, 46, was set to give up writing after he had collected a stack of rejection slips for the manuscript he had written for his fourth novel. Even though he had worked as a freelance copy editor, including at *Maclean's*, while writing, he felt that he was "skidding time and income" from his schoolteacher wife and two daughters. But eventually, Key Porter Books agreed to publish the novel, and that encouraged Wyvern to begin a second one, now nearly finished. His recent association with *Angel Falls* has translated into new sales at home and secured him a Toronto agent for his second book.

Not all first novels have such happy outcomes. Pinned with competition from established authors and accompanying blockbuster marketing campaigns, many first novels—good, bad or mediocre—lag behind. Getting reviewed at all is an

First novels are risky, but several debuts soar



Macdonald's tale of loss and injustice, and a sex-figure rights story

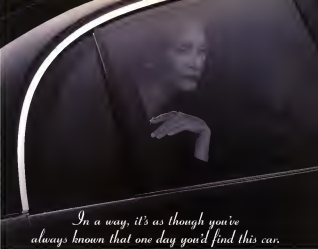
accomplishment, and sales rarely exceed 2,000 copies. But in the mid-90s, several spectacular literary debuts changed the face of fiction in Canada. A trilogy of under-40 women—Anne Michaels, Ann-Marie MacDonald and Gill Anderson Dargatzis—made a splash abroad as well as at home; Michaels's *Fugitive Pieces* sold in close to a quarter million dollars in prize money in addition to rights sales to 22 foreign publishers. Two years after publication, the book remains on best-seller lists. The *Care for Death by Lightning*, by Vancouver Islander Anderson Dargatzis, has sold 75,000 copies in Canada and 45,000 in Britain, and was recently launched in France. MacDonald's *Fall On Your Knees*, meanwhile, which was several prizes and has sold 150,000 copies in Canada, has

been climbing paperback best-seller lists for more than 35 weeks.

Foreign publishers and book lovers, says Toronto literary agent Denise Belkowsky, have "woken up to the fact that there's more to Canadian novels than Margaret Atwood and Michael Ondaatje." What's more, she adds, it's easier to sell foreign writers' novels than works by established ones—"Everybody seems to be looking for the next new thing."

Sometimes, the next new thing takes a while to be discovered. Last year, Patrick Kennerly's *Golf Topless*, a dense, poetic novel about a single day in a small Newfoundland community, garnered praise and respectable sales in Canada. Later, it brought in \$65,000 for British and U.S. rights, and recently earned critical praise from *The New York Times*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Times* in London, which described it as "a rich and ambitious book, fully engaged with the strange language of its protagonists, and with the complex intersections of their lives."

International interest sometimes creates a buzz before a book is even published at home. The *Eleventh Field*, the post-released novel by Toronto writer Scott Sabatini, 38, was snapped up here before a major Canadian publisher, last year, before it had found an English-language publisher. The manuscript, about a crime of passion set in a Japanese-Canadian neighborhood in the 1970s, quickly sold in the United States, Britain and Holland and to Knopf Canada, in deals totalling an figures. The novel centres on a small-town Ontario woman, Josko Salis, whose family was interned during the Second World War. When a married friend and her lover are found murdered, the emotionally repressed Josko finds her carefully ordered world crumbling. Written in the first person, *The Eleventh Field* creates a shapely ethical portrait of a woman managed by memory, and its unadorned



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BOOKS

press illustrates the enduring damage wrought by historical injustice.

Another first novel, *Childhood* (McClelland & Stewart), by 41-year-old Toronto writer Adele Davis, has also created a stir with serious rights devotees, including a one-figure, two-book contract in the United States, and two-book deals in Germany and Britain. Like *Angel Falls*, *Childhood* is a memoir of youthful pain and confusion. Its narrator, Thomas MacMillan, recalls his childhood in the remote town of Porcupine, Ont., where his mother, Karina, abandoned him at birth to the erratic care of his Trinidadian grandmother. Although much of *Childhood* has a static, introspective quality, the book comes vividly alive in certain passages—in when Karina and her boyfriend, Mr. MacMillan, have a love affair, when his mother, Karina, abandons him at birth to the erratic care of his Trinidadian grandmother. Although much of *Childhood* has a static, introspective quality, the book comes vividly alive in certain passages—in when Karina and her boyfriend, Mr. MacMillan, have a love affair, when his mother, Karina, abandons him at birth to the erratic care of his Trinidadian grandmother.

Foreign sales like those enjoyed by *The Electrical Field* and *Childhood* are a valuable marketing tool. "There are probably 3,500 first novels published around the world every year," notes John Pease, editor-in-chief of Doubleday Canada. "So if we can secure around foreign deals, it's a very strong way to draw attention to an author. It means that a number of editors think the book is something special—it's like a selection committee."

One of the notable titles Doubleday is moving around is Dennis Bock's *Olympus*, a series of linked stories about a postwar German immigrant family resettled in Canada. Told through the eyes of Peter, the son born in the New World, the narrative weaves their personal histories with scenes from the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Images of water—swimming pools, sailing, mountains and floods—course through a narrative that starts in suburban Toronto and culminates in an otherworldly encounter in a dreamlike village near Madrid. *Olympus* has been sold to Bloomsbury in Britain, which will also publish Bock's upcoming novel next year. But even without a sale abroad to bolster it, Bock's evocative writing would signify the emergence of a strong voice likely to go the distance.

Another promising debut is Don Hains' *The War and Pasha's Progress* (Knopf), which has also been sold to the United Kingdom. Toronto-based Hains, an award-winning dramatist, writes like a born novelist, with a calm, seductive style and an almost Chaucerian vision of subtle humor and generosity. The story is set in Hains' native New Brunswick, shifting its focus between a variety of characters. Among them are Sandy, a stylish bachelor finally waking up to his homosexuality, and members of the Maciver family, whose youngest son, Raymond, has just returned from Toronto with a boyfriend in tow and a well-publicized case of AIDS. Despite its tragic undertones, the book has the sweetly elusive mood of a long summer evening.

Of course, rights sales are not the only criteria of literary quality. Many novels, for reasons of timing, cultural barriers or simply the lack of a strong advocate, never make it beyond domestic borders. Sometimes, the problem is a perception of literary irrelevance. Bokorova notes that she has not yet sold Bock's *Olympus* to Germany, nor Salazar's *The Electrical Field* to Japan. "It's odd, but there is a sense that only people from that country can write about that place," she says. A more serious obstacle, editors and agents report, is that in the United States, literary fiction is a tiny club. The kind of book that earns critical praise and sells respectably—as opposed to a commercial blockbuster—is less likely to be published in a competitive market that demands ever higher margins. "Over and over again, the New York editors kept saying 'This really has to wait us,'" notes Marilyn Robinson, rights manager for McClelland & Stewart, who returned from a sailing trip last week. "The applications was that they are under pressure to compete more significantly in the bottom line."

At the best of times, first novels have to swim against a strong tide. This season's other notable Canadian debuts—including Bock's *The Steep Place* by playwright Terry Jordan, of *Alibi*, *Sail*, *Providence* and *Another Road* by Vancouver's Dakota Fanning, which will also publish Vancouverite Lynn Cooley's *Strange Waters*—all be among those vying for readers' attention. With a little luck to go with the talent, those novels might make a head among book lovers, and their authors could one day find themselves like Tim Wrayton—stop a moment in Jamaica.

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BAILEY'S VODKA with JAMIE SHERIDAN

Legacy of the Jews

Too bad about the title of Thomas Cahill's *The Gifts of the Jews*. That enthusiastic phrase may repel some readers from this enlightening look about a small, tenacious people who have threaded their way through Western history. For

Cahill, a former director of religious publishing at Doubleday in New York City, the Jews are more than an intriguing subject—they are the prime movers of the world as we know it, "we" being the Christian West. *The Gifts of the Jews* is the second in his planned

seven-part series called *The Hinges of the Story*, which celebrates those who have contributed what he calls the "singular treasures" of Western culture. The first book, *How the Irish Saved Civilization*, was a best-seller. Amid the back of literature that seeks to explain what has gone wrong in history—not least for the Jews—Cahill's decision to highlight their positive is refreshing.

But don't expect a thesis on Jewish culture that links the gifts of Moses to those of Maimonides and Martin Luther.

Jewish, the lightly packed volume simply retells the Hebrew Bible (Old Testament) in easygoing 1990s language, explaining just what it is about. Cahill's view is—originally a Jewish idea—that was so progressive.

Cahill begins his story long before Abraham, with a colorful description of the ancient Sumerians, for whom life on earth was a cyclical—and frequently erotic—working out of a larger drama that had allegedly already taken place among the many gods in rebelling the heavens. The evolution of Abraham's relationship with his God marked the beginning of linear history, says Cahill. From then on, humans had a consciousness of time unfolding forward, "one-way and irreversible," in which mankind could influence its course. As he gives a contemporary spin to familiar Bible stories, Cahill links how well turned to faith and spirituality, and individual Jews suddenly he'd messianic. And he illustrates how contemporary notions of mercy and justice derived from a plot line in which God repeatedly places himself on the side of the little guy.

Cahill, who nicknamed himself as Jewish scriptures for two years, does not waste words on qualifications. Love it, say, Sir Martin Gilbert, the heavyweight author of more than 50 books whose latest is the weighty *Jewish History*, which devotes 700 pages to the Zionist state's first 50 years. An eager Cahill, by contrast, crams more than 4,000 years into 250 pages, promising to "give the Jews their due." But he serves up his content regulation on history with a lot too much unadorned admiration for the Jewish religion. "There is the only new idea that human beings have ever had," he writes of the Jewish concept of God. But such excess is redeemed by a vibrant prose style, replete with juicy set scenes and metaphorical metaphors. "This God is not a member of any known 12-year program," he writes of Moses' upholding God in the Exodus chapter. Cahill has managed to make a long essay on a religion's lasting influence into an accessible and fun book that could captivate even home-church readers.

THE GIFTS OF THE JEWS: HOW A TRIBE OF DESERT NOMADS CHANGED THE WAY EVERYONE THINKS AND FEELS

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Films

Dark visions

Stars shine amid sober
fare on festival screens

It is magic hour, as they say on film sets. The late afternoon sun has turned the Mediterranean a deep blue. The champagne is flowing, and paradise is unfolding as it should at the Cannes International Film Festival. But among the guests gathered at the Mirocin Entertainment cocktail party at the Carlton Beach, everyone seems to be peered about something. Asked about his accommodations from the *Cine d'Azur* at the ultra-luxurious Hotel du Cap, the party's host, Mirocin CEO Robert Lantos, shrugs. "It's our pandemonium. Storms 'cause it is in the room next to mine. We share a balcony, and every time I step outside the paparazzi go nuts. They hang out on the racks and shoot everything that moves. And the other night I was kept awake by Bruce Willis—he was playing DJ at a loud party on the terrace until 6 a.m."

Lantos introduces Ralph Fiennes, an Edwardian vision in suspenders and cream linen pants, who makes no secret of the fact that he would rather be anywhere but Cannes. "I'm here because," says *The English Patient* star, who is promoting his recently completed film, *Empire of the Senses*—and who has just signed on to star in *Alibion's The Taste of Sunshine* with Canada's Molly Parker (Kiefer). "I got to my hotel and they didn't have my room," said the actor, his eyes burning with that familiar look of overexposed outrage.

Standing nearby in Toronto's Don McKellar, director and star of *Last Night*. His film has provoked glowing reviews, but even he looks fed up. "I feel like a puppet," says McKellar, exhausted after a relentless schedule of interviews and functions. The other night, he says, his handlers yanked him out of a party and told him to get on a plane to Hollywood so he could be photographed on the red-carpet steps of the Palais—promising to go to a gala premiere. Now he is dressed in layers—black pants, T-shirt, dress shirt and acid-traveler-like jacket. "It's outrageous," he says. "I can go up with it or down with it. And I've always got my bow tie here in my pocket."

There was a certain cohesiveness in the air at Cannes this year. Perhaps it was the blues, which offered an overwhelmingly dark view of the human condition—a catalogue of domestic abuse, drug addiction, statutory rape, pedophilia, poverty, prostitution, disease, suicide and genocide. Or perhaps, after the intoxicating glitz of last year's 50th anniversary, this year was like the morning after. (Last poster beds lining the Croisette were left strewnly intact. Last night, they were trampled daily and replaced every night.) Fans still looked to get a glimpse of the stars—who included John Travolta, Gene Hackman, John Malkovich, Robert De Niro, Liam Neeson, Cibo Craxford, Ewan McGregor, Winona Ryder and Sissy Spacek. And there were the usual midnight showing matches



Model Kate Winsa and Faye
and Lantos's *Empire of the Senses*, escapees, glitz

among black-on-black battles clamoring to get into parties. But the scene was quieter. And the sobering reality of Cannes had returned—as an epic baroque show that exposed Hollywood's worst excesses and independent cinema's largest ambitions.

Hollywood's presence seemed largely ceremonial. Director Martin Scorsese chaired the jury, which included actresses Ryder, Weaver and Lena Olin. And studio pictures that were already old news to North Americans—*Primary Colors* and *Godzilla*—opened and closed the festival. Neither movie figured in the main competition for the Palme d'Or. The *Primary Colors* and *Godzilla* would have been worthy contenders. But among the 22 entrants from 13 countries, the sole Hollywood movie in the running was Terry Gilliam's *Four and Looming on Las Vegas*, starring Depp as gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson—a

wholly knifed piece of psychotic slapstick that plays like a toilet-bowl view of a bad acid trip. Gilliam, however, tried to elicit the high art. "We've got a big bad machine in our way," he said, addressing Cannes for showing *Godzilla*, "the ultimate corporate movie." Presumably, the boards in *Four and Looming*, a barbed indictment of bulimic greed, were beyond reproach.

While Americans argued over the size and integrity of their boards, the festival offered an intriguing range of international fare that added up to a tabernacle, sometimes perverse, revolt against Hollywood excesses. Although no one told all the buzz of such previous winners as *Secrets and Lies* (1996), or last year's *The Sweet Hereafter*, there were some solid entries. British director Ken Loach weighed in with *My Name Is Joe*, a scolding drama of a recovered



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alcoholic who is sucked back into the mean streets of Glasgow after falling in love with a middle-class social worker in the *Transcending* tradition, the Scottish accent was so thick that English-speaking viewers in Cannes could barely hear the French subtitles. American director Hal Hartley struck a dissonant note with *Henry Fool*, a mordant black comedy about a beer-quaffing, world-viewing ex-con who becomes Henry's patron in a garbageman's post. With *The General*, British writer John Boorman turned in a polished but pointless drama about Irish criminal Martin Cahill. And with *The Dream Life of Angels*, France's Erick Zeman offered a deeply affecting tragedy of two young women on society's fringe.

It was a festival of opposite extremes. In Australia's *Dance Me to the Bone*, Heather Rose, who suffers from severe cerebral palsy, plays a wheelchair-bound woman in a love triangle. Rose, who can communicate only by voice synthesizer, co-wrote the script with director Bill de Hoon. Taking a radically different view of disability, celebrated Danish director Lars von Trier (*Breaking the Waves*) shocked audiences with *The Idiots*, a wildly experimental drama about a cult of benighted who learn around "spoons," pretending to be specific or mentally handicapped. Von Trier filmed *The Idiots* under the rules of Dogma 95—a Copenhagen manifesto requiring its adherents to shoot everything in hand-held, on-location, without props or special lighting, with all sound and music recorded live. (Dogma apparently did not prevent von Trier from hiring porn actors—for a brief clip of hard-core sex in the film.) Danish filmmaker Thomas Vinterberg used the same Dogma rules to direct *The Celebration*, about a family birthday marred by revelations of sexual abuse.

Italians offered relief with two busy-art films that combine comic confusion with anti-bureaucratic politics. Nanni Moretti unraveled *Aprile*, a musical well past its prime that perfects the recipe of his 1994 gem, *Dear Danny*. It is a sublimely witty collection, a chronicle of frustration that tracks Moretti's attempts to mount a musical about a Tiresiasian poetry club, to film a documentary about Italy's elections, and to cope with impending fatherhood.

Roberto Benigni, meanwhile, charmed audiences with *Life Is Beautiful*, a warty comic fable set against, of all things, the Holocaust. The director stars as a clowning Jewish waiter who tries to shield his young son from the horrors of a death camp by pretending that it is all a game. Not surprisingly, the film has provoked some controversy, but it has received approval from the Jewish community and, knocking with journalists at the Carlton rooftop costume restaurant, it has become a hit. Robert Elbert was already willing to take bets that *Life Is Beautiful* would win a best picture nomination at next year's Oscars.

Some of the most talked-about films



Some popstars camp outside her hotel

at Cannes, however, showed outside the official competition. Drawing the biggest buzz was *Baggage*, an archly cynical yet warmly intimate comedy of sexual rites gone bad scripted in the Director's Fortnight program. Gracefully weaving the stories of three sisters and their hopeless men, American writer-director Todd Solondz (*Welcome to the Dollhouse*) trends now ground on several fronts, notably in his agonizing portrayal of a peevish psychiatrist trying to counsel his young son about sex.

The Director's Fortnight also unveiled two Canadian features. McKillop's *Last Night* drew a warm and prolonged ovation at its premiere. The film, part of a series of features commissioned about the millennium, follows a variety of characters in Toronto during the last ten hours before the world, increasingly, comes to an end at midnight. A rave review in *Harvey* called the film "lively, wrenching and life-affirming." Elbert said it was "wonderful, a quiet rebuke to the overwrought end-of-the-world dramas like *Deep Impact*."

Another Canadian entry in Fortnight, Toronto director Jack Black's *Baywatch*, did not fare so well. A hard rock opera about a beach-club mother (*Leslie Zane*) who loses her shy 15-year-old son (*James Gollander*) to her 16-year-old daughter (*Elizabeth Rosen*), it offers a rugged descent into L.A. life for no apparent reason. Many critics wondered what the film was doing in the Fortnight, but Allen Eigenstam's goateer role as executive producer was no doubt instrumental. A third Canadian film, *August 12th* on *Karek*, made a small splash in *Un Certain Regard*, another sidebar program. In his feature debut, Montreal director Denys Villeneuve shows visual flair with a fluidly scripted tale of a woman (*Prescille Bouchard*) who brings a friend to the white dinner of Salt Lake City to conceive a child. Meanwhile, the film's wistful producer, Roger Frappier, the man behind *Deux Femmes*'s *Levine* of the *American*, *Baggage* and *Love of Montreal*, was honored with a special festival retrospective.

It is easy to become jaded about Cannes, which clings to its Hollywood-on-the-beaches romance like a grade-schooler. But it is still a place to be discovered. Despite *Baggage*'s cool reception, Zane walked through the *Affaires* beach party in a gold-lamé dress like a Vegas showgirl. "This movie is so important to my career," she said. *Steven Spielberg's* blood orgasm, *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Christmas* about "his first Cannes, her first French cinema, her first villa party, her first (found) diamond necklace, her first review (which praised her performance)." "I've had all the dreams come true in such a short time," said the 25-year-old actress, who could pass for 35. "I don't want to be a party star. I want to be an exceptional actor and a brilliant filmmaker." Why not? In Cannes, there is no prize for lack of ambition. □



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Allan Fotheringham



The joy of being famous for more than 15 minutes

In spring and the defining moment for the merry month of May is quite apparent. It came when PEN Canada, the organization that fights world-wide for writers' rights and freedom of expression, held a fund-raising evening.

The organizers auctioned off items belonging to celebrities—and exposed—authors. Robertson Davies's chair brought in \$20,000. Margaret Laurence's was worth for \$1,190. Other auctions honored a dinner with actor Ni Wueman and food critic wife Sara, and a day on the set of David Cronenberg's new movie.

Most intriguing, however, was another item offered up: a tennis hour-some with Bob Rac and his wife, Arlene Pelly. This is good indeed that the major product of the last decade of the century is celebrated.

Truman Capote, who after his brilliant book *In Cold Blood* went downhill into celebrityville, was the first one who "became famous for being famous." Once, on a late-night talk show—Johnny Carson I believe—he was asked who he really was. He replied: "I am an alcoholic, a drug addict, a homosexual and a genius."

There was a man who knew his true worth. And now he has the former socialist premier of Ontario remind himself out for tens of thousands. Everything that goes around comes around.

Rob Rice is the son of a former Canadian ambassador in Geneva. Thus, the old joke that he was born in a log embassy. Author of a memoir, he was used to stand on his hand in the middle of dinner parties and the guy who, as an NDP MP, ignored the nonconfidence motion in 1979 on John Crosbie's budget that killed Joe Clark's nine-month government.

He once said that Pierre Trudeau "made Julian Bochart look like a team player." Now, he's playing celebrity tennis. That's the way the world works. He's with a huge Bay Street law firm, travels the world on his behalf and makes a million bucks a year. So it goes.

Celebritydom is dull. His very nice and intelligent wife is "Arlene Pelly Rac" because in the post-feminist world you are not supposed to take only your husband's name—that being said, apparently with hindsight. So, instead, you take another male's name—your father. That's progress.



An actor, a dancer, a feminist, a female model. "The only thing I've been brought up as was Dutch lunch." I digress.

Back to celebrity. Christine Blacklock is a star columnist for the *The Toronto Star* who bleeds her heart out in every column. She is so famous you feel for her. In wonder as all journalists, she would have been known as "a job sister." On Fleet Street, they call them "sassy suits."

She has just been recruited to move to *Concord Black's* offbeat new newspaper. Such a celebrity is she, within the *Star* message market, that she was allowed—while fleeing to a competitor—to write three farewell columns confessing that she had given up drinking and declared her husband and how she would miss her readers.

Meaning that she hoped, of course that her faithful and loving readers would move with her to her alleged newspaper. This is classic celebrity done, her home newspaper striking out circulation for the move that was leaving her home newspaper. We can only wish all the same for our selves. I told her: "Christie, there is only one rule in life. Move on. News look back."

Oscar Wilde, on his first visit to the United States for a lecture tour, was asked by the immigration officer if he had anything to declare. He replied: "Only my poems." (This was before of course, he mentioned that "Nin goes Fails in the second disappointment meet in a little's life.") I digress.

Celebrity is everything. There was a time when Walter Lippmann, a towering intellect with an IQ going off the chart, was the most powerful journalist in the world. He travelled to Europe once a year and his secretary would arrange his itinerary, to meet prime ministers and kings across the continent. Prime ministers and kings, told their schedules would not coincide with Mr. Lippmann's travels, would reschedule their schedules. His indicated columns, carried around the world, could shake columns.

Scotty Reston, bureau chief of *The New York Times*, one day phoned president John Kennedy. Mr. President, he politely advised, my reporters tell me that people in your office are bullying my men. Mr. President, he suggested, *The New York Times* was here long before you arrived and it will be here long after you're gone.

Today, the most powerful journalist in the world is Larry King. He, as he cheerfully admits, has never worked in a newspaper. He was a radio talker; then a gossip columnist. Doesn't matter. There isn't a politician—a dictator, a movie star, a mother of a high school murderer—who wouldn't want to get on his show.

If Churchill, as it is dreadful to believe, were alive today he would be on Larry King. Penny-Winey Walker, from downtown Toronto, Sask., is replacing Larry on *Newsweek* and every other constant and/or type on the CBC is down wild by her independence and supposed income.

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